

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY JULY 4, 1922.

NUMBER 37

Officers Acquitted.

The suit for damages against Geo. Coffey, Sheriff of Adair county, S. F. Coffey, Frank Winfrey, deputy sheriffs, and Elba Miller, deputy jailer of this county, brought by the widow of Clarence Van Arnsdale, came on for trial in the Green circuit court last Tuesday. The amount asked by the plaintiff was \$10,000.

The defendants were represented by Jones & Garnett, L. C. Winfrey and W. A. Coffey, of the Columbia bar, and Judge Hal Graham and Charles Noggle, Greensburg. The plaintiff was represented by Jeff Henry and Boyce Skaggs, of Greensburg.

The case was argued by Judge W. W. Jones and Judge Hal Graham for the defendants, Mr. Jeff Henry and Boyce Skaggs for the plaintiff.

Quite a crowd was present during the taking of the testimony, and it was generally believed by outsiders before the jury was given the case that the plaintiff would fail to get a judgment. It has been reported to this office that the jury was not out more than twenty minutes before it returned with a verdict in favor of the defendants.

Friends of the officers here are certainly glad that the case has been settled, and that they have been exonerated from blame.

In this day of moonshining, officers may be called upon to do some very unpleasant acts, but when they are called to go out and make arrests, if they are courageous men they will do their duty. In this case the good people of Adair county stood by the officers as they should.

This raid and what followed should be a warning to all parties who have an inclination to disobey the laws of the government. Lawless men can not persistently violate the laws of the United States and live. They may survive for awhile, but sooner or later they will come to the end of their course.

In the Keltner case no one would have been killed if the officers had not been fired upon.

If the moonshiners had surrendered when they were told to do so, instead of showing fight, Van Arnsdale would be living to day and Teddy Morrison would not have been wounded.

Notice.

All persons having claims against Ann Smith, of color, will please present them at once for payment—this 30th of June, 1922.

Bank of Columbia,
Adm., of said Ann Smith.

Circuit Court.

Monday was the first day of July term of Adair circuit court, and an immense crowd was in town.

Judge J. C. Carter and State's Attorney, A. A. Huddleston, arrived in due time, and by the noon hour court was organized and the grand jury instructed. Judge Carter gave the jury rigid instructions, and especially was his points strong on the prohibition enforcement laws. He instructed the jury to make diligent inquiry into the making and selling of whisky, and to indict every man who is engaged in this nefarious business. All other violations were taken up and the jury was told that if a witness failed to answer questions, to present him to the court, and he would either talk or go to jail. Mr. Huddleston and County Attorney, Montgomery are closely watching the interest of the State.

Public Sale.

On Saturday, July 15, I will sell at Public Auction my farm, stock and household and kitchen furniture. Sale to take place at 10 o'clock on the farm near Glensfork.

W. E. Huddleston.

The catalogue for the Fair will be ready to go to press in a very short time. As soon as out stock men will be mailed a copy. The premium list is very attractive.

Killed While Attempting Murder.

A remarkable case in which two women were killed, in Tennessee, just over the Cumberland County, Kentucky line, has just reached the News. The names of the parties could not be gotten, Dr. H. B. Simpson, who lives in this County, only three quarters of a mile from the Cumberland county line, gives out this story, and Mr. John Lee Walker, a merchant of Columbia, who had a talk with Dr. Simpson, says there is no doubt as to its truthfulness. Here is the story, as related:

On the Tennessee side lives a man who is in fairly good circumstances, who had a sale of all his stock, household goods and other articles one day last week, the sale amounting to about \$1,500 or \$2,000. It was a cash sale and the money had not been removed from the house.

About dark a man who travels over the country, selling preparatory medicine, reached the house to lodge for the night, he having frequently stopped with the family. He was told that the house was torn up, that everything in it but a few things had been sold that day, and it was impossible for them to comfortably lodge him. He told them that he could not get anywhere else and that he would go up-stairs and sleep on a pallet. He was told that if he would be satisfied to spend the night in that way, it would be all right with them. About that time another man rode up to the house and asked the man, the head of the family, to go fox hunting. The man answered that he could not leave the house under the circumstances. The medicine man, not suspecting anything wrong, told him to go hunting, that he would be upstairs and would protect his wife and daughter. He went and at a very late hour the medicine man heard a terrible commotion below, and also the screams of women. He reached for his revolver, and when he got in the lower room, two black men were choking the man's wife and daughter and cuffing them about the floor. He fired and killed what he supposed two negro men, but upon examination they proved to be white women blacked, one of them the wife of the man who called for his friend to go hunting and the other one the wife of another hunter.

The scheme was to kill the man's wife and daughter and get the cash money from the sale.

"Tell the World."

The Van Heusen Collar will outwear 6 to 12 ordinary collars.

L. E. Young.

Terrific Electrical Storm.

Last Wednesday night there was a destructive storm, accompanied by vivid lightning, beginning at Sparkesville and extending to Breeding. The telephone polls were split into kindling wood by lightning and crops damaged. Mr. R. Y. Simpson, who lives between Sparkesville and Breeding, was the heaviest loser. Seven of his fine cattle, four cows and three steers, were under a shed on his farm. The shed was struck by lightning, and all seven of the cattle were killed. People living in the community say that it was the most frightful storm that ever visited that section.

Mr. Farmer

Do not buy a mowing machine until you see the changeable speed mower at S. F. Eubank.

Married in West Virginia.

We learn from the Ashland Daily Independence, a paper edited by Mr. Paul Hughes, and dated June 28, that marriage licenses were issued in Huntington, West Va., to Mr. George Staples, aged 46, to Miss Elsie Grimm, aged 22, also of Huntington.

All out for the Fair Grounds, if you want to hear the eagle scream.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE OLE OMANS KIN-FOLKS
GINALLY FETCHES LONG
A PECK O' TATERS WEN
DEY COMES T' VISIT
WE-ALL—EN DEN DEY
STAYS LONG 'NOUGH T'
EAT UP A BUSHEL!



Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

B. A. Lawless in Trouble.

The following article is from the Lexington Herald, sent by the Associated Press:

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 26.—(By the Associated Press)—B. A. Lawless, of Jamestown, county superintendent of public instruction for Russell county, has been indicted on a charge of falsifying the grades of a teacher seeking a certificate, and an indictment charging him with illegally employing another teacher was being drawn on Saturday when Warren G. Peyton, state school inspector, left Jamestown, it was announced here today by George Colvin, state superintendent of public instruction. The indictment alleging falsification of the examination grades was returned last October and is expected to come to trial soon.

Superintendent Lawless is charged in the indictment returned last October with having changed the grades of Mrs. Lena Hale to make it appear that she had not been granted a certificate and thus prevented her from getting a school last winter. Mrs. Hale, according to Inspector Peyton, is an experienced teacher. In May, 1921, she took an examination. She passed, and the state department of education, as the rule, sent the grades to the county superintendent in order that he might notify the teachers. Mrs. Hale was told that she did not pass and the list of grades was shown her to prove it, the inspector said. A week or more later she received a letter from the state department of education containing her certificate.

Acting on the assumption that she had not passed, she was surprised when the certificate arrived and wrote to State Superintendent Colvin asking him why it was that she had received a certificate after the county superintendent had notified her that she had failed to pass.

Inspector Peyton said that an investigation showed that the figures on the list sent to the county superintendent had been changed after they left the office in Frankfort. The matter was laid before the Russell county grand jury and an indictment was returned.

Mrs. Hale, according to Inspector Peyton, had had some trouble with the county superintendent over the question of pay for work she had done. He has since refused to give the teacher a school, the inspector said.

In the second case against Superintendent Lawless placed before the grand jury, Inspector Peyton said, it is charged that he employed Miss Lucy Kimbler to teach a school when she had no certificate. The inspector said that evidence had been gathered to the effect that all reports for the school were made out in the name of Miss B. B. Webb, who had a certificate, and that all pay vouchers were made out in her name. Miss Webb, he said, signed the vouchers and warrants, and the superintendent gave the money to Miss Kimbler.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

Church Movement.

A permanent organization for the United Presbyterian movement for Christian Education has been completed with the election of Mr. Bethel B. Veech, of Louisville as treasurer, and the following Executive Committee; Dr. R. T. Gillespie, Chairman, Dr. Chas W. Welch, Secretary, Dr. John M. Vandermeulen, all of Louisville; B. J. Bush, Lexington; Dr. A. A. J. Alexander, Spring Station, and J. D. McQuot, Paducah.

Mr. H. S. Caldwell, representing the movement in this section, has held a conference with Rev. Arthur Gross, of the Columbia Presbyterian Church, and the Presbyterians in this section are expected to back the movement to raise \$1,000,000, for the institutions under the control of that Church. Those sharing in the apportionment are Centre College, The Presbyterian Seminary at Louisville; Kentucky College for Women at Danville, Witherspoon College, Pikeville College; Sayre School, Lees Collegiate Institute; Scott Academy and the Presbyterian Orphanage.

Mr. Caldwell said that former students of these institutions are scattered throughout the State and are taking much interest in the work.

Man Look at Your Hosiery.

I carry a full range of sizes in an ever popular and dependable hose for men.

L. E. Young.

Returned From Monticello.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Page returned from Monticello last Tuesday night. They landed just as the rain that followed a storm, commenced to fall.

While in Monticello they sold, at public outcry, all the household goods they desired to part with, and at this time they have no personal interest in that place. They left their best wishes with the many friends they made while domiciled in that community.

Their son-in-law, Mr. R. A. Myers, also sold his household goods and he and his wife arrived later in the week.

Dr. Page reports that Mr. J. N. Conover is looking fine, but that his wife was not enjoying the best of health. Her daughter, Mrs. Cosby McBeath, of Colorado, was with her and would remain until fall, at which time her husband would come to Kentucky for her.

For Sale.

High grade buggies at a low price.
S. F. Eubank.

Hon. Ralph Gilbert.

Our distinguished Congressman will speak to the voters of this Congressional district, as follows:

Richmond, Monday, July 3.
Columbia, Saturday, July 8.
Stanford, Monday, July 10.
Harrodsburg, Saturday, July 15.
Lawrenceburg, Monday, July 17.
Liberty, Saturday, July 22.
Lancaster, Monday, July 24.
Taylorsville, Saturday, July 29.

Hon. W. Vernon Richardson, of Danville, is invited and an equal division of time will be accorded him.

In making these appointments, Danville, Shelbyville and Nicholasville are left out, but they will come later.

"The Fortune Hunter."

The above is the title of a play presented by members of the Senior class of the Western Normal, Bowling Green. Miss Nina Simpson, of Breeding, this county, was a member of the graduating class, and she also took part in this play, her assignment being "A Spoiled daughter of Blinky Lockwood." She made a great hit, revealing an actress of promise.

Mr. L. C. Winfrey is about ready to commence giving his residence a new appearance.

102 Acres With Growing Crop Over Looking Beautiful Valley.

4 cattle, horses, poultry, hogs, vehicles, tools, machinery, 35 acres oats, barley, rye, corn, beans, potatoes, estimate at harvest \$2,000, included to quick buyer; in section of great scenic beauty, handy village and R. R. town; 90 acres machine worked fields; spring watered pasture; 500 cords of wood; thousands of feet of timber; orchard; good 8-room house, 60 foot barn. Other interests demand sale, \$2,800 takes all, part cash. Quick action wins. Start now.

Martin & Doolittle,
Watkins, N. Y.

Rebuilt.

The Edrington truck that was burned on the Campbellsville pike, several months ago, has been rebuilt and is again on the road. The one that was burned was insured, and its owner received about \$2,500 insurance money, and it cost about that amount to rebuild the truck.

Old Sol has no terror for the man clad in Richland Nainsook Union Suits.
Found at L. E. Young's.

Slight Stroke.

Judge J. J. Simpson, who is quite an aged gentleman, met with a slight stroke of paralysis last Wednesday night. He was better Thursday morning, and Dr. Russell who attended him thinks he will be all right in a few days.

The Cumberland News is the name of a paper, just started, at Burkesville, Tanner Ottley, editor and manager. We have seen a copy of the first issue, but have not received one. Cumberland county is able to support a paper and we trust that the Cumberland News will receive more substantial support than the last paper that went to the wall. A County paper should be a pride to the territory of its immediate circulation, but it can not succeed unless the good citizens give it substantial support. Business men should insert their advertisements, and the paper should visit all the homes of the county.

Notice.

In order to accommodate the people who want ice, we have found it necessary to change the hours. You can get ice from 8 to 12:30 from 2 to 6:30.

We have secured the services of Mr. Filmore Reece, who is well-known to every body, with his assistance we will open a meat shop, beginning June 28th. Fresh meat at all times, on ice.

Marshall Bros.

We have been advocating and advising the owners of property on the square to raze the old buildings and replace them with modern structures that would be a pleasure to do business in. All the East side of the square should be adorned with new, handsome buildings. A modern hotel building should be erected on the corner where Mr. S. W. Epperson is doing business, and other business houses erected from the corner to Russell & Co.'s store.

TOBACCO HAIL INSURANCE costs no more for the full season than for a part of it. Why not be protected during the entire season?
Reed Brothers.

The Campbellsville Brass Band will make the music at the Fair Grounds to-day. There are fifteen pieces in the band it is said that the young men composing it make first-class music. Geo. W. Lowe has been instructing this band for several months, and there is no better leader in this part of the State, and his assistance makes it sure that the crowd will be entertained.

Look at our Dress Shirts before buying.
Dohoney & Dohoney.

The Dedication Services at the new M. E. Church will be held Sept. 17, it has been announced. The sermon will be preached by Rev. K. C. Morrison, D. D., of Wilmore, president of Ashbury College and editor of the Pentalostal Herald. There will be a special musical program.

The chimes and pipe organ for the new church have been ordered, and will be installed immediately.
—Campbellsville News-Journal.

You can not prevent hail-storms, but you can protect yourself against loss. Better see us before it happens.
Reed Brothers.

At each registration poll the clerk or some other officer of the registration, will please phone the exchange of this place the result. Send the number of Democrats, the number of Republicans and the number of Independent registering. The daily papers wants the result as soon as the polls closes. Do not forget this, as it is very important.

BIG REDUCTION IN HAIL RATES. Your tobacco crop is too valuable now to take the chance on hail without insurance.
Reed Brothers.

Mr. Chas F. Paxton, Circuit Court clerk of Adair county, after a long spell of sickness, has removed his family from Cane Valley to Columbia. They have apartments at the residence of Mr. T. E. Waggener. We are glad to have this excellent family as residents of this place. Mr. Paxton can be found daily at his office.

Call the exchange at Columbia and give the number of Democrats registering, the number of Republicans and the number of Independents, as soon as the polls close on the night of the 10th of July and also on the night of the 11th. Send your message as soon as the vote is counted.

There is not much demand for lumber though we occasionally see a few loads pass through town. It is also said there is no foreign demand for it. It is dangerous to keep it too long in the stack before selling. Worms get in and badly injure it.

The Board of Supervisors of Adair county, will have to reconvene, under a decision of the Court of Appeals, and reassess the county, to meet the demands of the State Tax Commission. The Board will be called by the County Judge.

Mr. Robt. Royse, who carries the mail from this place to Breeding, delivered in Columbia every day last week one hundred gallons of blackberries per day. They were picked in and near Sparksville. 15c per gallon.

Mr. J. N. Coffey made a business trip to Louisville last week. He states that he noticed the crops along the route and was agreeably surprised. "The finest hay, corn, tobacco and wheat I ever saw," said Mr. Coffey.

Rev. Carson Taylor has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, this place and Zion. He has not as yet answered, but it is believed that he will accept.

The Methodist church, this place, is receiving a new coat of paint. We are told other improvements will be made on the building.

Remember foresight is the mother of wisdom. Don't delay. Insure your crops now and be safe.
Reed Brothers.

Come to Columbia next Saturday by 1:30 o'clock. Hon. Ralph Gilbert, our Representative in Congress, will speak at the court-house.

The horse jockeys were in evidence Monday. Trading on Jockey street was lively from early in the forenoon until almost night.

It is said that Prof. A. H. Ballard will remodel his residence during the summer.

Now is the time to engage your wood for the coming winter. Have it hauled to your wood house as quickly as possible.

The Big Muskeg

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

COPYRIGHT BY STEWART KIDD COMPANY

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Looking over Big Muskeg, a seemingly impassable swamp in the path of the Missisibi railroad, Joe Bostock, builder of the line, and Wilton Carruthers, chief of engineers, are considering the difficulties. A rifle shot instantly kills Bostock and breaks Carruthers' arm. Handicapped as he is, Carruthers determines to carry the body to a station of the Hudson's Bay company, where one McDonald is the factor.

CHAPTER II.—McDonald's daughter, Molly, sees Carruthers struggling in the muskeg and drags him from the swamp, with his burden. Unaccountably, her father objects to her saving Carruthers.

CHAPTER III.—Weakened by his wound and exertions, Carruthers is disturbed by the appearance of Tom Bowyer, Bostock's business rival and personal enemy. Bowyer insults Molly, and Carruthers strikes him. After Bowyer leaves, Carruthers declares his love for Molly. She promises to be his wife.

CHAPTER IV.—Carruthers has to reach the town of Clayton to attend a meeting at which Bostock's enemies plan to wrest control of the Missisibi from him. Molly determines to go with him.

CHAPTER V.—Attacked by his dogs, Carruthers' life is saved by Molly, who is forced to kill the animals. They set out on foot for Clayton, reaching it with Carruthers in an almost dying condition. He is in time to foil Bostock's enemies and keep control of the line for Mrs. Bostock.

CHAPTER VI.—Carruthers learns that Bostock has hypotheated five hundred shares of the Missisibi, jeopardizing his control of the line.

CHAPTER VII.—Lee Chambers, expert engineer, hitherto associated with Bowyer, asks Carruthers for work, saying he has broken with Bowyer. Carruthers takes him and his father, Joe, to the swamp, where he does not realize it, comes to live at the Big Muskeg. Circumstances force her to answer her love. Carruthers tells her of Molly and gently repulses her.

CHAPTER VIII.—Tom Bowyer seeks Molly's love, and is repulsed. He inveigles the chagrined Kitty into an alliance for the purpose of separating Carruthers and Molly. Chambers deliberately wrecks part of the line crossing the Big Muskeg, and flees from Carruthers' wrath.

CHAPTER IX.—Beguiled by Kitty, Molly deliberately breaks with Carruthers. He accepts her assertion that she is no longer in love with him. The work of crossing the muskeg goes on satisfactorily.

CHAPTER X.—Fire starting far from the camp, completely wipes it out, destroying all the constructed work. There is abundant evidence that it was of incendiary origin. A halfbreed whom Carruthers had left to guard his shack is found in a dying condition. He tells Carruthers Lee Chambers broke into the shack and assaulted him.

CHAPTER XI.—McDonald tells Molly of his determination to return to Scotland. Molly falls in with his plan. Lee Chambers and an outlaw, Jim Hackett, kidnap Molly and her father and take them to a desolate camp far in the woods. There Bowyer, who had arranged the kidnapping, greets them.

CHAPTER XII.—Apparently nothing in Carruthers' safe had been disturbed by the intruder, and the engineer is puzzled. He learns of the abduction of Molly and her father, and from an accomplice of Chambers finds out where Bowyer is lurking. He sets out alone to save the girl he loves.

"You think I kill dat feller, eh?" he demanded after a while.

"I dunno, my friend," answered Andersen. "If you did, I guess you'll swing for it, all right."

"See here! Jim Hackett tole me to come here an' tell de men dere's money in de safe, an' dey're fools to be worked like dogs and den be laid off because de company's busted. Dat's all I know. I tole dem to get der pay what was coming to dem."

"Posseebly," said Andersen. "You was a fool to do it, though. That story's for de police; it ain't for me. You can tell de inspector when he gets here."

"See here! You let me go!" yelled Tongway. "I didn't do nothing. What for you arrest me?"

"Boss's orders," said Andersen, gruffly. "That'll be enough. Set down like a good feller, now."

"You lie! I tell you I didn't do dat!" screamed Tongway, sinking back into his chair, and shuddering.

They watched each other for some time. It was beginning to grow light. Suddenly the trample of horses was heard outside. Then Inspector Quain appeared at the door of the shack, accompanied by four mounted constables.

"Had considerable trouble, eh?" he said, dismounting and casting a glance about him at the burned-out buildings and the still burning sheds.

"That fire was set by enemies of the Missisibi," shouted one of the engineers. "And we've got one of the men in there!" He pointed toward the shack.

Quain turned to his men, who were awaiting the order to dismount. "Round up those men in their bunk-houses and keep the lot of 'em under guard!" he said, pointing toward the groups of laborers that had gathered about the horses.

The constables drove the Hunkies back toward their quarters. "Two of you'll be enough!" shouted Quain after them. "The other two—Beckett and James—will dismount and rest their horses. I'll want you chaps!"

"You've had some trouble," said Quain to Andersen.

"Why, this ain't trouble, inspector," answered the Swede. "You yust look

inside that room. I guess it ain't the worst, what I told you already."

Quain strode to the door of Wilton's bedroom, uttered a sharp exclamation and bent over the body of Jules. He came back quickly.

"Who killed dat Indian?" he asked.

"Lee Chambers, I guess."

"Tell me what you know."

"Why, all I know is he done some crooked work on the trestling and beat it out of camp before Mr. Carruthers had time to fire him. Last night he came back after the fire, which I guess that feller there knows something about."

"I tell you I don't know no'ting!" yelled Tongway, who seemed in the extremity of panic.

"Mr. Carruthers said Mr. Chambers killed Jules there and got into the safe. I dunno no more than that. But—"

Suddenly, with a frenzied scream, Tongway leaped from his chair for the door again. Andersen was just quick enough. He caught him on the door-sill, and the two men struggled furiously. Tongway snatched Andersen's revolver out of his hand. Andersen's hand closed on the outlaw's wrist.

Quain ran to grasp Tongway's arm, but, before he could hold it the struggle ended. For Tongway had got his finger on the trigger and was trying to bring the weapon in line with Andersen's head. Andersen swung the outlaw's arm around, and the bullet, discharged too late, passed through Tongway's left arm.

The spectators, who had gathered outside the shack, had come running in at the sound of the shot. Quain ordered them out and, taking off Tongway's coat, he cut the sleeve of his shirt away. One of the constables brought him his first-aid case and soon had the wound painted with iodine and bandaged.

"I'll not need you any further," said the inspector to Andersen. "You'll help keep the men in their bunk-houses, in case of trouble. Take three or four of your own men. I'm going after Carruthers, and I expect to be back by noon."

He called the second dismounted constable and they rode off at a swift pace toward the portage.

CHAPTER XV Bowyer's Hour.

Bowyer looked the incarnation of insolence and triumph as he stood in the doorway, red-faced, red-haired, like some sleek fox that has put off its habitual cunning because it is at last secure from danger.

His vicious eyes fixed themselves upon the girl's face as she fastened back the hair that hung about her.

"That brute was rough with you," said Bowyer. "But I guess you gave him better than he gave you. I guess he got what he deserved. I told them you weren't to come to any harm. Well, McDonald, they didn't use you too rough, eh?"

"We were brought here by force and violence," said Molly defiantly. "Are we to be kept here in the same way?"

Suddenly Bowyer stepped forward and took her hands. "Molly—listen to me now," he said. "Listen quietly. I'm not going to hurt you. I love you. I've got to have you, Molly. But I want you to love me. Let's forget it all. What'd you say, Molly? Did you ever think of what I've got to offer you?"

She tried to draw her hands away, but he held them tightly, and, remembering her resolution, she stood with them passive in his own.

"What's your answer, Molly?" asked Bowyer.

"Never!" she cried. "You knew that! Did you think I was going to change because you had had me kidnapped and inflicted this outrage upon me?"

Bowyer turned toward the factor. "Maybe she'll obey you, McDonald," he said softly, and something in his tone arrested the girl's attention.

McDonald was gray with fear. He leaped up. "Molly, he means it!" he screamed. "We can't escape him. He'll get you as he's got me. Molly, say 'yes' to him, because he's won. He'll get what he wants, anyway. And it's no shame to see when you're beaten, and to give way."

The sight of the trembling old man swept away all the girl's resolve. Her loathing for their persecutor drove her to frenzy. She tore her hands from Bowyer's, ran behind the divan and snatched up a rifle that stood there. She raised the stock above her head with both hands.

"If you touch me again I'll kill you!" she cried.

Bowyer looked at the factor. "Then I'll tell her what I know," he said. "For years I've stood by you and shielded you—"

The factor's hands went up as if he were warding off a blow, and there



"If You Touch Me Again, I'll Kill You!"

was the mute appeal of a whipped dog in his eyes. Bowyer went on:

"For years I've protected you from the law. Now I've done with you."

"You can tell me, Tom Bowyer!" cried Molly.

He swung toward her. "I'll tell you, then," he roared. "Your father's a murderer. He's been wanted by the police these twenty years or more, and he's still wanted. The police don't forget. I knew it from the first. He came to me and asked my help after he'd murdered a man in a common brawl. He wanted to give himself up. I told him not to. I got him his job at the portage, where he'd be secure. I've stood by him been his friend, protected him. But I'll protect him no more."

He wheeled upon the factor. "Now speak to her again!" he shouted. "You're her father!" There was intense mockery in his tone. "She'll obey you. Ask her if she wants you to swing in the jail-yard at Yorkton while she's on her honeymoon with Will Carruthers!"

With a whimpering cry the factor dropped to his knees and hid his face in his hands. Molly let the rifle fall and shrank back against the wall. A cry broke from her lips.

"It isn't true, father!" she begged, fixing her eyes in terror upon the factor's. "Tell him it isn't true. You didn't kill that man who insulted my mother! And, if you did, you did it to protect her. Tell him it's a lie!"

The factor's whimpering moans were all her answer. They ceased, and for a full minute there was not the least sound in the room. Slowly Molly raised her head, and the look that had come into her eyes at last was one that Bowyer had seen in the eyes of many men and women before. He knew that the time of his triumph had come.

"Unless I marry you, Tom Bowyer," said Molly, "you will betray my father, who trusted you?"

"I'll give him up to justice," Bowyer shouted. "I'll fight with what weapons I've got. Wouldn't any man who was a man fight for what he wanted most of all in the world? If you don't give up, I swear he'll hang. You know what Canadian law is. I swear to you I'll have him hanged in Yorkton inside of six months if you don't agree to what I'm asking of you."

"And if I do agree?" asked Molly, shuddering.

The sudden glance of hope in the factor's eyes went to her heart. But McDonald, crushed under his servitude, had a flicker of manhood after all.

"Don't do it, Molly, lass!" he shouted. "I'll hang!" He turned to Bowyer. "I'll hang!" he shouted, and then his voice broke into a whimper.

"Shut up, you old fool!" said Bowyer, contemptuously. "If you agree, Molly," he said, "the past will all be forgotten. I swear it will. I love you, and I'll be true to you. I'll give you everything you want, and I'll make McDonald a home as long as he lives. Don't it! You look as if I was asking something awful of you! What's the matter with me? Ain't I good enough for you?"

She looked up, to see Bowyer's red face peering into her own. She shivered, as if with mortal cold. "I'll marry you," she said.

The slow smile that spread over Bowyer's face was indescribable. He turned to McDonald. "Well, that's settled at last," he said, rubbing his hands together in gloating self-satisfaction. "Get to bed, McDonald! Molly and I will sit up a while and talk over the details of our honeymoon trip. That ain't your business. Maybe we'll do a little love-making on the side, too, but not too rough. I guess I know how to handle a girl!"

He strode toward the door and opened it. The factor stood stock-still for a moment. Then, at Bowyer's call, he stumbled toward it, and Bowyer led him across the passage into another room.

"You'll be comfortable in here, McDonald!" Bowyer shouted, slapping the old man on the back. "And don't you fear for Molly. I'll take mighty good care of her."

There followed his returning footsteps, and the sharp, sudden click of a key. Then came a furious rattling from within. Bowyer turned angrily. "Go to bed, you old fool!" he shouted. "Didn't I tell you I'd take care of her?"

The rattling ceased, but Molly heard the factor's feet shuffling as he stood



He Seized Her by the Hair.

Irresolutely behind his door, listening. Bowyer came back and slammed the door behind him. He put his hand on Molly's shoulder.

"I'm glad that's all settled at last," he said. "G—d, you've led me a chase. Molly! Hardest I've ever had; but I knew I'd get you in the end."

"When do you wish me to marry you?" asked Molly in a whisper.

Bowyer threw back his head and laughed. "Now you're talking," he answered. "That's the point I was coming to. I'm a business man, and I'm used to paying what I have to for what I want. But I've been thinking that when two people are agreed on the same thing, and there's no way out of it, unless you want the old man to swing—why, it mightn't be necessary for you and me to get married at all."

He slid his arm about her waist and bent his red face toward hers. For an instant the girl misunderstood. Then she leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Get out of my way, Tom Bowyer! If you try to stop me I'll murder you!" she screamed.

She ran round behind the divan, snatched up the empty rifle, and, as Bowyer followed her, brought down the stock with all her strength.

Had it struck his skull it would have knocked him unconscious. But in the nick of time he leaped aside, and it fell across the muscles of his neck and shoulders. With a howl of pain he wrenched the weapon from her hands. He beat her across the face again and again with his fists. He seized her by the hair, twisting it in his hand, and forcing her head back, put his hands over her mouth.

She tried with all the strength she possessed to pry his hands away; the red and swollen face that leered into her own seemed to fill all space, like a huge, evil sun. With all the strength that remained in her she tore at the red hand over her mouth, and bit into it until her assailant yelled with pain. His grasp on her throat loosened for an instant. She drew in a deep gasp of air. Then she saw that the door was open.

Hackett was in the room. He was shouting to Bowyer, who released the half-conscious girl, stood up, and yelled in answer. The outlaw was tugging frantically at his arm. There came the plunge of a heavy body against the door of the camp. Hackett sprang forward, and fell sprawling back under a terrific blow.

Wilton stood on the threshold.

CHAPTER XVI

Under Arrest.

Molly saw it all as if in a dream. The hideous presence of her assailant was still with her. Then she saw Hackett and Bowyer pull pistols from their pockets. And each act was extended in her mind and vision through an eternity, as if it would never end.

She sprang to the table, seized the oil lamp, and hurled it at their backs. It struck them fairly, sending them staggering before they had time to fire. Instantly the curtains before the windows were ablaze. A stream of burning oil shot across the floor to the divan, which began burning furiously, filling the room with smoke. Wilton and the two men closed.

There followed a furious struggle. The combatants rolled over and over, stumbling against the burning divan, knocking over the chairs, crashing into the walls. All the while McDonald hammered at the door and added his shouts to the uproar.

Molly darted across the passage and released him. "They're murdering Wilton!" she cried. But the old man, staggering out, only shouted distractedly. Molly ran back. Hackett had Wilton by the throat, and, as she entered the room, Bowyer wrenched himself free, raised his pistol, and brought the butt crashing down on Wilton's head. Wilton toppled back into the blazing oil.

Bowyer aimed, but Molly knocked up his arm, and the shot went wild. Bowyer turned upon Molly with a ghastly grin.

"D—n you!" he shouted, raising his pistol to strike her down. McDonald sprang between them. Hackett pulled at Bowyer and dragged him to the door. He whispered in his ear, and Bowyer cursed him. They clinched in the passage.

Molly was unconscious of what was transpiring. She had rushed to Wilton, and, grasping him by the shoulders, pulled him out of the flames. Seizing him in her arms, she began madly beating out the fire that was licking his clothes and hair. She tore off his blazing coat and with it extinguished them. Then, holding his head against her breast, she staggered toward the door through the thick smoke, McDonald at her side.

As she neared it Hackett leaped forward. He pushed the factor violently back and slammed it. An instant later there sounded the click of the key in the lock.

"The window! The window!" shouted the factor.

But that side of the room was a living wall of fire, and they seemed to be trapped hopelessly. The heat was becoming intolerable.

Molly ran behind the blazing divan, picked up the rifle, and drove a smashing blow against the back wall. It cracked; again and again she dashed the stock against it, until a section of the pine planks gave way under her assault.

Together they carried Wilton through into a room behind. Outside it was quite light; a gust of wind came through an open window and fanned the flames to fury. With a roar the fire leaped up the outer walls, and the whole front of the camp was ablaze.

Molly scrambled to the sill, clung there, and dropped. The factor, leaning out, lowered Wilton's body. And he himself dropped to the ground beside the girl.

As he dropped she perceived, without realizing it, that he had used both arms and legs. The paralysis had left him.

They ran down toward the lake, carrying Wilton between them, and making instinctively for the shelter of the undergrowth.

As they passed the road, Bowyer came out of the stable, pulling fiercely at the horses, which were fastened to the rig. He had set his foot upon the step when Lee Chambers and Hackett broke upon him from among the trees.

They made a leap for the vehicle. "Let us in, d—n you!" Chambers yelled.

Bowyer dealt him a blow with the whipstock that sent him staggering. With a vile oath Hackett sprang for the step. Bowyer lashed him across the face, causing him to miss his footing, and cursing and shouting, the two men rushed after him and disappeared down the road. The sound of the galloping horses died away. Molly knelt at Wilton's side, bathing his face with water from the lake. The factor held his wrist.

"His pulse beats sound," he said. "He'll come back to himself soon. Let's awa', lass; let's awa'."

The girl hardly heard him. Piteously she scanned Wilton's face for some signs of returning consciousness. But Wilton did not stir, though he was breathing easily.

Presently, with a hideous clamor, the two outlaws returned. Molly held her breath as they came back along the road, only a few yards above where she crouched with the factor. But they passed on, and turned up toward the camp, which blazed furiously, a flaming parallelogram against the glow of the eastern sky, into which the rim of the sun just projected from the horizon.

Even as she watched the girl saw the blazing walls tumble inward. The men leaped back, and then, shouting drunkenly, made their way toward the stables.

"Come awa', lass!" muttered McDonald, pulling at Molly's arm.

He took Wilton by the legs, and together they crept with him cautiously further into the bushes beside the lake.

Suddenly Wilton opened his eyes. And his first words fell like an icy chill on the girl's heart.

"Kitty, I tried to save your line!" he muttered.

He was thinking of the fire. He stared into Molly's eyes without recognition, and his own closed again. Once more the factor pulled at the girl's sleeve.

"Come awa', lass!" he whispered eagerly. "He'll get well. Come! It's our chance—a grand chance for us!"

"What do you mean?" she whispered back.

"Dinna ye see? They think we're dead. Tom Bowyer'll think we're dead in the fire. He'll never trouble us again. Come, lass! He winna come to no harm!"

As he spoke, Molly perceived two horsemen riding along the road. They were policemen; they moved at a slow walk, and they carried their rifles on their arms.

When they were within two hundred yards of the camp they dismounted, tied their horses to a tree, and began to run forward swiftly along the road. The uproar in the stable had not ceased.

Lee Chambers came staggering out, a bottle in his hand. And suddenly, a hundred yards away, he saw Quain and the constable.

He bolted back with a scream of terror. Then followed Hackett's howling roar, and the two men appeared at the door with rifles in their hands.

The policemen ran toward them. Quain led the way. "Drop those! Hands up! We've got you!" he shouted.

Molly saw Hackett drop to one knee and draw a careful bead upon the inspector.

At that moment the constable fired. The outlaw toppled head over heels like a shot rabbit, and never stirred again. The bullet had pierced his heart.

With a cry of despair Chambers fired wildly and turned to run. Once

more Quain shouted, and the constable fired again. Chambers dropped in his tracks and lay still.

Horror-stricken at the sight, Molly crouched by Wilton's side. His eyes were open again. He did not yet recog-



At That Moment the Constable Fired.

nize her, but it was evident that consciousness was coming back to him.

As the policemen began to carry the bodies of the outlaws into the stable the factor plucked violently at Molly's arm.

"What do you want to do, father?" she whispered.

"I'll tell ye, lass. Ye ken the trail that strikes off from the road below the lake and runs nigh the portage? We'll travel east through the bush twa about. We'll go to the store and pack our few things and go. Aye, we'll go. We'll travel east through the bush twa hundred miles or maybe more, till we strike the line somewhere. And then we're free. Dinna say no, lass!"

She was touched by the babbling stammered words. They went straight to her heart.

"He's naething to ye, lass?" asked the factor, pointing at Wilton.

Molly looked at him. He had fallen into a deep sleep. She could do nothing for him by remaining.

"No, father, he's naething to me," she answered.

"We'll put him a wee bit higher on the slope, where they'll see him," the factor whispered.

They raised Wilton and laid him on the new-fallen snow, not far from the road. Then, cautiously and secretly, they turned and plunged into the depths of the underbrush.

It was two hours later when Wilton opened his eyes, to find himself lying in the stable. The inspector was standing at the door; the constable paced at his side.

Wilton looked at Quain with astonishment. He could remember nothing since his plunge into the burning building.

"Jack!" he called feebly. "What's happened to me? How did you get here, old man?"

Quain, who appeared to be struggling with some deep emotion, did not answer him.

"You know how I got here?" continued Wilton. "I trapped Miss McDonald and her father—where is she, Jack?"

"They're not here, Will."

"They must be here. I tell you I saw her. That beast Bowyer had her by the throat. It made me see red! They got me down, and the place was afire, and—"

"Don't tell me that, Will," said the inspector in a choked voice. "Don't tell me any more."

"Why not, Jack? What's the matter with you?"

"Because you're under arrest for the willful murder of Joe Bostock. And I've—I've cautioned you!"

CHAPTER XVII

The Trap.

Bob Payne, the lawyer, could not make up his mind whether his client, Will Carruthers, was innocent or guilty, and that was a position in which he did not often find himself.

Either Carruthers was one of the coolest and most deliberate murderers that had ever lived, or he was the victim of an extraordinary well-woven conspiracy.

Whether Wilton was innocent or guilty, Bob Payne meant to fight to the last. He had taken a liking to Carruthers, and he was resolved to free him. That, of course, presumed his own belief in his client's innocence.

He found his client seated in his cell, scribbling upon pieces of paper covered with diagrams, just as he had found him on the occasion of his previous visit. Wilton rose and they shook hands.

The lawyer sat down. "Let's go over the facts together," he said. "There's going to be a fight. You realize that? Not that you won't win out. Of course you will. But when popular passions are stirred—when a newspaper campaign has practically prejudged the case, it's apt to be reflected in the minds of the jury. I've thought of asking for a change of venue. But—I'm frank, Carruthers—the feeling is widespread, and Clayton is the town where your enemies have the least influence. I think we'll fight them here."

So Assorted.

New flannels and small boys have been known to shrink from washing.

Give a woman half a chance and she will proceed to boast of her ailments.

Lovemaking on the rattling gate has now been transferred to the parlor.

Patience is all right in its place, but it is better to back tenacity to win.

Life in the shadow of a swelled head is one long existence of spreading taffy.

Ridicule will make men change their politics quicker than the style of their clothes.

Everybody has his weak spot. No use passing laws to correct all the defects.

When some people talk we are reminded of a dictionary with the definitions left out.

Children cease crying for the moon sometimes before they are big enough to want the earth.

No, Beatrice, astronomers do not scour the heavens for the purpose of polishing the stars.

If one must accept statistics, he gives most credence to those of the insurance companies.

If one can't get interested in something on earth, he devotes himself to seeking a good time.

There is a beautiful statue in every block of marble, but only an expert sculptor can coax it out.

Shade For Sheep Will Return Big.

Plenty of the right kind of shade for sheep return big dividends, farmers and sheep raisers say. Only one or two shade trees in a pasture are worse than none at all since a place to which the sheep come day after day soon becomes a hotbed for parasites, they add. The construction of small shades which can be moved from place to place is solving the difficulty for many Kentucky farmers. A cheap permanent shade constructed by setting posts in the ground to support a roof of boards is giving good results on the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station farm. The only objection found with the structure was the fact that the roof let water through in rainy weather and the resting place of the sheep became muddy. This fault can be remedied at a somewhat increased cost by covering the boards with roofing paper. The usefulness of such a shed is increased by placing it on runners or wheels so that it can be moved from place to place.

Tailor Has No Cloth.

The Russian tailor has no cloth and the shoemaker has no leather. To have a pair of shoes resoled it is necessary to hunt up some sole leather and afterward to find the shoemaker to make the repair. The tailor's time is taken up with remaking secondhand clothes. No man hires anyone to do anything which he can possibly do himself. All the ordinary repair and mending he does himself if he can get the necessary materials.

Thirty-eight laws passed in the Kentucky Legislature become operative today.

The party primary to nominate a United States Senator will take place in Mississippi on July 1st.

The Schools Again.

The World-Herald, of Omaha, Neb., stops long enough from other things to discuss the large expenditures that are being made at public expense for what may be termed accessible to the public school system, such as gymnasiums, swimming pools and the like, and continues to say a word or two for the "good old days" when children were made "strong, brave and, self-reliant and self-controlled" because of certain hardships they have to experience and deprivations they had to endure during the hours of schooling.

To begin with, the fact is worth noting that these "luxuries" incidental to public education, if that be the proper word to use, are found nowhere but in the large cities. Few, indeed, are the country schools that are equipped with accessories that might be termed luxuries. On the other hand—we say this boldly because everyone knows it is true—we are, in many parts of America, including hundreds of school districts in Kentucky, denying to our children a decent education. Thousands of country schools houses in America are unsanitary. Thousands more are one room structures, perhaps, clean and light, but nevertheless inadequate because an underpaid girl is trying to teach eight grades in one room. She cannot teach eight grades in one room. It cannot be done well. The exceptional girl can do better than the average girl, but not even the exceptional girl can do herself or her pupils justice under such odds. It is necessary, therefore, to spend large sums in the country on the country schools; it is a duty that may not be shirked: it is a task that cannot be taken up too soon.

Now, when we come to the large cities, we do find that large sums of money are spent for handsome buildings, and, at times, for playgrounds and perhaps for gymnasiums. We know not of such frills as swimming pools for schools in this part of the country. Are we spending too much money for education in the great cities? The Evening Post not only affirms that we are not, but maintains that we are not spending enough. The old idea was that children were made brave and strong and self-controlled and self-reliant through a certain amount of hardship and deprivation. We wonder if there ever was much in this. Of course there have been extraordinary men, and the Omaha paper, as could easily have been anticipated, mentions Abraham Lincoln as one of those who have gone just as far as they had not been forced to spend so much of their young lives in fighting against fate?

The Omaha paper makes a plea for character-building in the home, and argues that parents of the right kind can do more for their children than all the school officials and court officials and societies and clubs that might be gotten together. When it comes to character-building, this is true, but there are few, very few, parents who can take the place of the school in the training of the children.—Louisville Post.

Many who at one time considered the idea of communication by the radio unreasonable are now listening to reason.

Woodson Lewis & Son

GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY.

Means of Transportation are a Necessity

To him who gets his work done with the Strictest Economy, both as to Time and Money, is the Victory—PROFIT.

We Now offer CHEVROLET 490 \$525 f. o. b. Flint

For Economical Transportation
T. Truck, \$1,125, f. o. b. Flint
Samson Truck, \$595, f. o. b. Jonesville, Wis.

High Grade Standard Automobile Tires.
Kelly Springfield and Miller, Geared to the Road, at Popular Prices and other Standard Makes.
Also Tubes at Low Prices.

Special Bargain---New Acme Binder, \$125. Mowing Machines and Reapers.

STRAW MATTING

We have Just Received a Large Assortment in a wide range of Colors and Shades—28 to 35c per yard.

LADIES' SHOES AND OXFORDS

Our late shipment of Ladies' and Misses Pumps and Oxfords are now arriving and we have the Very Newest Styles to offer at all times at the Lowest Prices.

MENS' OXFORDS

We have a New and Large Stock of Mens' Oxfords in a Wide Range of Prices.

DRY GOODS

Voile, Organdies, Ratine, Georgette and Canton Crepe, Crepe and Tissue Gingham, Crepe De Chine, Taffeta and Messaline Silks.
Ladies Corticelli Silk Hose. Gossard Corsets and Brassieres

WOODSON LEWIS & SON,
GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

DENTIST

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

HENRY W. DEPP

DENTIST

Gas Given For Painless
Extraction of
Teeth.

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

Honey Mentioned in Bible.
There are references to honey in the Bible, in the sacred books of the Hindus and in the Koran. In the Far East new honey has for ages been esteemed as a laxative and old honey as an astringent. Honey was one of the materials which the Egyptians used in embalming, and others of the ancients used it as a food preservative. There was a considerable traffic in bird's eggs and eggs packed in honey were shipped long journeys.

Near Douglas, Georgia, two men were flogged by a mob of masked men.

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of

Special attention given Disease Domestic Animals

Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on Eastown road

Phone 114 G.

Columbia, Ky

W. A. Coffey

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office Second Floor, Court House, West Side, Adjoining Court Room.

COLUMBIA, KY.

W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

International Made-to-Measure Clothes.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, - - KY.

Columbia Barber Shop

MORANI & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174

For Sale at your Dealer
ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND
EAGLE MIKADO
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Fifty persons lost their lives in New York Bay by a hurricane which swept the water.

All idea of an international loan to Germany has been abandoned by European bankers.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays
At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
VRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Mgr

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY JUL. 4 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
In Kentucky..... \$1.50
Out side of Kentucky..... \$2.00
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR JUDGE COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, Hardin county, is a Democratic candidate for Appellate Judge in this the Third District, subject to the August primary.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that Ralph Gilbert, of Shelby county, our present Congressman from the Eighth district, is a candidate for re-election, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

It is predicted that the railway shop men will walk out the 12th of this month.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps has announced that he will make the race for Judge of the Court of Appeals, on the Republican ticket.

There have only been thirty-eight thousand business failures in the United States since Mr. Harding was inaugurated President. That is twice as many as occurred during the eight years of Mr. Wilson's administration.

In a few hours after Gov. Small, of Illinois, was acquitted upon a charge of embezzling the State's funds, his wife, who stood by him through the long drawn out trial, died. The worry over the trial ended her life.

There will be no registration days. The Court of Appeals has decided that the law was unconstitutional. The printing establishment will now do some howling before they get their pay, amounting to \$90,000, for registration books. Under the law each county had to pay for its own books.

Chief Justice Rollin Hurt of the Court of Appeals, published a long decision last Thursday, showing that the registration law passed by the Legislature of Kentucky at its last session was unconstitutional. We were not surprised at Judge Hurt's opinion. We stated at the time the suit was brought that in our opinion the highest court in the State would so decide.

We now hear young men who say that they will leave for some distant city as soon as the present crop is gathered. Better stay on the farm. You might go to a city and make money faster, but it would not stay with you. Whether you work or do not work, if you remain on the farm

you will get your three "hots" a day. If you do not work in the city you get your "hots" when you can. It matters not where you go, there is no place like a comfortable country home.

The total white population of the country, foreign born or with one or both parents foreign born, on January 1, 1920, was 36,398,958 the Department of Commerce announced today in a compilation of the 1920 census figures. This was an increase in the "foreign white stock" of the nation's population from 1910 of 4,155,576, or 12.9 per cent. The 1920 total includes, it was shown, 13,713,754 immigrants and 32,686,204 persons born in this country one or both of whose parents were immigrants.

It is given out that if the new tariff schedule goes through the meat bill in the United States would be increased \$379,200,000. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, says that the increase in his State alone would amount to \$15,140,000. The Senator further says that the new tariff bill could not possibly benefit the farming element. A tariff is nothing more than a tax, yet you hear some people say this country ought to be protected. The richest country in the world needing protection is all bosh. Does it look reasonable that a country that was not prepared for war, but when the time came it equipped and put four million men in the field, winning the world war, needs protection?

MR. GILBERT WRITES RICHARDSON

Shelbyville, Ky., June 28.
Hon. W. Vernon Richardson,
Danville, Ky.

My dear Vernon:

I was in hopes that I would not be given democratic opposition this time, being my first term, and having at great sacrifice redeemed the district from republican misrule, but as I am to have opposition I congratulate myself that it is to be in the person of one whom I consider worthy and a friend.

As the time is short and the issue, if any, between us should be made known, I have decided to begin my campaign at once. Being familiar with the court days of my district, with the times and places wherein the crowds will be greatest, I have selected the following places and dates, there only being four court days and four Saturday afternoons available. I will begin at Richmond, Monday, July 3, and continuing as follows: Columbia, Saturday, July 8; Stanford, Monday, July 10; Harrodsburg, Saturday, July 15; Lawrenceburg, Monday, July 17; Liberty, Saturday, July 22; Lancaster, Monday, July 24, and Taylorsville, Saturday, July 29.

I am sorry this arrangement leaves out three county-seats: yours at Danville and mine at Shelbyville and also Nicholasville. I will be glad to address the voters at these three county-seats on the days which you feel the greatest number can be present. On the court days in this list, the speaking will be advertised at 1:30 p. m., and on the Saturday afternoons, at 2 p. m. At all of these appointments you are invited to be present and will be given an equal division of time. I will advertise these

dates also that you will be expected to be present.

I know our discussions will be upon a high and dignified plane so that only good can result from them. Respt.,

RALPH GILBERT.

JAMES ENDORSED.

At a meeting of the Democratic Committee held in Elizabethtown, Hardin county, Ky., on Saturday, June 24th, 1922, the following resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Committee:

"Be it resolved by the Democratic Committee of Hardin County, duly assembled, that we unanimously and unreservedly endorse the candidacy of Hon. Hobson L. James, of Elizabethtown, for the Democratic nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals from this Appellate District, and that we pledge to him our enthusiastic support.

Second: That we heartily commend him to the voters, and particularly to the Democrats of the District, as a man fitly and eminently qualified for the high duties of the office to which he aspires, both in superior legal training and experience, and in judicial temperament.

Third: That we endorse him as a sterling Democrat, who has consistently supported the principles of the party, and who will not turn over to Republicans an office to which he is elected by Democrats; that we further endorse him as a lawyer of unusual equipment and ability, well-qualified for eminent service as a jurist, and not a mere office-seeker for political and personal aggrandizement.

Fourth: That we sincerely believe the interests of the litigants and constituents of the District, as well as the people of the State, will be better served by the nomination and election of such men to the bench of the Court of Appeals.

W. C. Montgomery,
Chairman.
C. J. Richerson,
Secretary.

Glensfork,

The Quarterly Conference at this place last Sunday was well attended. Two fine sermons were delivered by Rev. Jesse Murrell.

Mr. Bob Strange and family of Sparkesville, accompanied by Miss Elsie Froedge and Miss Millie Gabbert were visiting at Mr. F. P. Strange's last Sunday.

Miss Dollie Strange is spending this week near Sparkesville, visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Mary Grider spent a few days of last week, visiting in Columbia.

Mrs. Clara Kelsay and Miss Ethel May Blair, who have been very sick with typhoid fever, are improving.

Miss Helen Kelsay has been very sick this week.

Mr. Charlie Thomas and family and a Mr. Cole and family, of Cumberland County, were visiting Mr. James Jones and family last Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. George Helm and Bartie Johnson are visiting in Greensburg this week.

Lightning struck a nice work mule for John Kelsay one day last week, killing it instantly.

Lightening also struck a wheat stack for Wm. Banks near here, almost burning it up.



Newest Styles Better Values

IN

Ladies, Gents and Childrens Footwear,

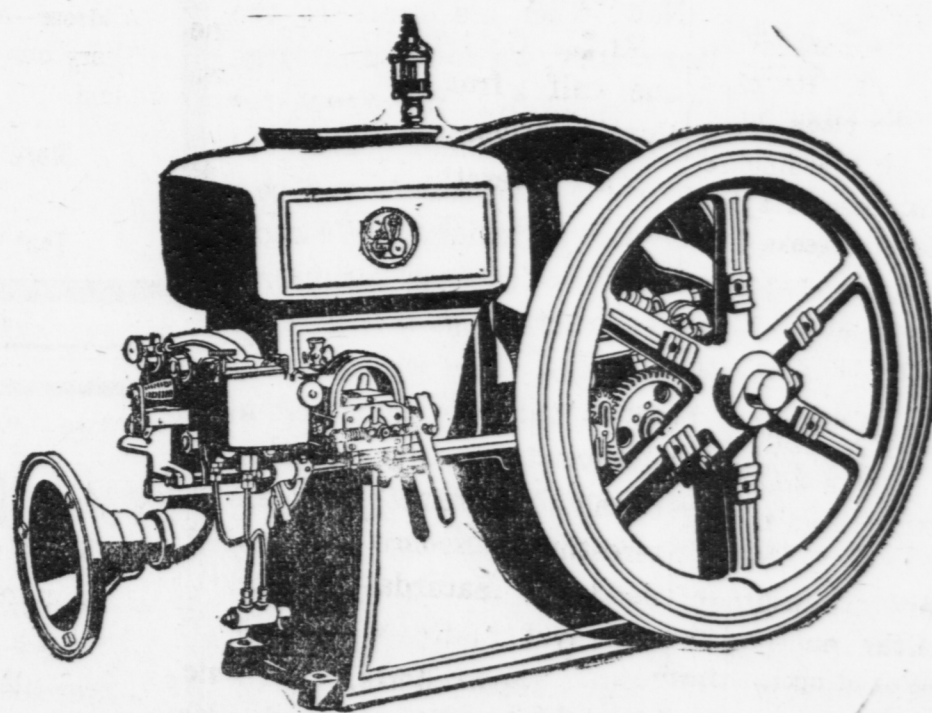
Also

Latest Creations in

Dress Goods, Notions and Novel-
ties, Hats, Caps, Etc.

Carpets, Rugs and Furniture.

DOHONEY & DOHONEY.



Did You Ever Crank a HERCULES ENGINE?

THEN WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ITS EASY STARTING
QUALITIES UNDER ALL WEATHER CONDITIONS?

And if you have never belted one
to a saw rig, a pump jack or a
corn grinder--

HOW CAN YOU APPRECIATE THE WORK YOU
CAN SHOVE ON ONE WITH NEVER A COMPLAINT?

Believe us--our prices will please you and the guarantee
of an \$8,000,000 Corporation says the engine will too--

S. F. EUBANK,
COLUMBIA, KY.

THE HERCULES CORPORATION, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The News \$1.50 In The State

WANTED
Grey Squirrels, 50c Each,
W. S. Hodgen,
Campbellsville, Ky.

Campbellsville Hotel
 M. J. TUCKER, PROP.
 Formerly of Adair County.
 Lodging 50c. Meals 50c
 Cor. Main & Depot Sts.
 CAMPBELLVILLE, KY

K. S. LESTER
 DENTIST
 Jamestown, - Kentucky.

PERSONAL

Mr. W. J. Mason, Louisville, was here a few days since.

Mr. Claud Young, Campbellsville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. T. B. Ross, Burkesville, was in this place a few days ago.

Mr. H. S. Caldwell, Louisville, was in this vicinity a few days since.

Mr. S. A. Noe, Lebanon, made his regular trip to Columbia last week.

Mr. Guy Hancock, Indianapolis, was in this place a few days since.

Mr. A. W. Azner, Louisville, had business in this locality last Wednesday.

Mr. John Ashcraft, Elizabethtown, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. W. Y. McLaughlin, Louisville, had business in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. S. A. Gilmer, Huntington, W. Va., was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. F. D. Coots, a real estate agent and insurance agent, was here last Thursday.

Mr. H. C. Staggs, St. Louis, called to see the Columbia merchants last Wednesday.

Mrs. Collins Bridgewater and little daughter, were here from Lincoln county last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Myers and their son Robert Page, arrived from Monticello last Thursday.

Mr. J. T. Gowdy, Campbellsville, was recently in Columbia. He has a number of friends in this place.

Mr. John Thurman, of Breeding, reports that his wife has been in a low state of health for several weeks.

Mr. Coy E. Dudgeon, Lebanon, traveling salesman, was in Columbia a few days ago, looking after his trade.

Judge H. C. Baker is decidedly better. Been setting up for several days. His many friends will be glad to read this information.

Dr. Alva, Grider of Jamestown was here last Tuesday, en route to attend a State meeting of opticians at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Geo. A. Archer, Louisville, who is a member of a company establishing a chain of drug stores in Kentucky, arrived a few days ago.

Mr. Hugh Sharp, of Louisville, was here last Sunday week, en route to Louisville. His wife, who has been visiting relatives here, accompanied him.

Mrs. Herman Barnett and her little daughter, Nancy, of Louisville, are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Barnett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Myers.

Master Geo. Staples, Jr., has gone to Ovoca Springs, Tenn., for the summer. George's aunt, Mrs. M. F. Martin, is running the hotel at the Springs.

Rev. Arthur Gross, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, left for Louisville Saturday and on Sunday he preached for a Church in the suburbs of the city.

Jas. S. Thomas, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, is visiting his brother, Mr. B. F. Thomas, near Absher, this county. He has been away from Adair county 41 years.

Mrs. C. M. Russell and her two daughters, Misses Frances and Catherine, returned from a visit to Bow-

ling Green Saturday night. Mrs. Ray Montgomery and little daughter returned same night.

Miss Minnie Triplett is visiting relatives in Hardin county.

Mrs. Lizzie Grissom and her daughter, Miss Mary, have returned from Hopkinsville.

Congressman Robison, of the Eleventh district, took dinner at the Smith Hotel Sunday.

Dr. B. M. Taylor and wife and Dr. W. B. Helm, his two daughters, Misses Blanche and Maud, all of Greensburg, were here for a few hours last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pickett went to Louisville Sunday. They called to see Mrs. Feta Eubank and found her in fairly good health.

Mr. Elam Huddleston, who is with the First National Bank, Louisville, was here last Wednesday, en route to Russell Springs. Mr. Huddleston has a number of friends in Columbia, having been a student in the Lindsey-Wilson while Prof. Neilson was at the head of the institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. A. Gayle, of Frankfort, who were pleasantly entertained in Columbia, left for their home last Thursday. Mrs. Gayle, who was Miss Frances Garnett, was born and reared here. It was her husband's first visit to Columbia and he informed us that he was perfectly delighted with all the people he had the pleasure of meeting, and that he liked Columbia very much.

More Light and better light.
 Use
Radium Kerosene.
Joe Hurt
Gulf Refining Co.

Do not burn wood and coal together. When coal is mixed with wood it is a dead expense, the wood soon burning up the coal.

Dirigo.

Crops are looking good at this place and several farmers are through laying by their corn.

Messrs. Edgar Reece and Hubert Sparks were here one day last week, buying sheep.

Allen Wooten sold to Hadis Harvey two calves for \$20.00.

Mr. J. C. Royse bought one calf from Miller Stotts. Consideration, \$15.00.

Mr. Everett Campbell was here a few days ago, looking after veal calves.

Sunday school is progressing nicely at Joseph Henson as Superintendent.

Revs. T. J. Campbell and Frank Firkin delivered two interesting discourses at Independence Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Jesse Stotts, of Picnic, was thrown by a mule last Thursday evening, breaking his right arm.

Remember What Barnum Said?

Thousands of dollars of Pulaski county money are lost every year from bad investments in oil stock and other stocks and get-rich schemes. If the actual figures were known it would not be surprising if the amount did not reach at least \$100,000 or more.

The latest scheme to get money quick comes from far Denmark. Many Somerset people received a letter from a brokerage firm in Denmark claiming to represent the government in \$100,000 lottery and which is said to have the sanction of the king. The letter stated that for \$20 one could get a chance in the lottery, and if successful, win \$100,000. Doubtless millions will be sent out of the United States as are, of these letters.—Somerset Journal.

Program.

Program of Group Gathering, composed of Pollard's Chapel, Cedar Grove, Milltown and Tarter's Chapel Union Sunday Schools to be held at Cedar Grove, third Sunday in July.

Song by class.
 Devotional—Andrew Garrison.
 Welcome Address—Alma Powells.
 Welcome Song—Cedar Grove Primary Class.

Recitation—Tavia Hatcher.
 Recitation—Corda Garrison.
 Home Missions—Alvin Rosson.
 Song by the Class.
 Recitation—Decarda Johnson.
 Recitation—Carrie Dudley.
 Recitation—Elizabeth Thomas.
 Solo—Mabel Pollard.
 The Use of the Bible in the Adult class—Dick Shirley.
 Song by the class.
 Five Recitations by Milltown, Union Sunday School.
 Drill by Cedar Grove Junior Class.
 Song by the Class.
 How to Interest Boys and Girls in the Sunday School—Mrs. J. C. Shirley.
 Recitation—Parrie Blakeman.
 Recitation—Earl Dixon.

NOON.

Song by the Class.
 Quartett by four boys and girls from Pollard Chapel.

Recitation—Nancy English.
 The Story Telling Method of Teaching the Card Class—Mrs. Ed Hatcher.
 Song by Young Peoples Class of Pollard Chapel.

Two Recitations from Tarter's Chapel.

Drill by Milltown Junior Class.
 Benefit of a Sunday School in a community—V. Leftwich.

Recitation—Piner Rodgers.
 Recitation—Flora Garrison.
 Recitation—Lois Baker.

Solo—Tavia Hatcher.
 The Sunday Schools Connection with the Church—Rev. Clarence Burdette.

Song by the Class.
 Recitation—Lenas Sanders.
 Recitation—Edna Thomas.
 Address—Harlan Keltner.
 Duet by two boys from Pollard's Chapel.

Recitation—Rosa Reynolds.
 Recitation—Nora Karnes.
 Recitation—Pearl Butler.
 Why have an Evergreen Sunday Sunday—Alma Powell.
 Address—Aaron Rodgers.
 Address—Aaron Rodgers.
 Every one invited. Dinner on the ground.

More Power, More Miles
 Use
That Good Gulf Gasoline.
Joe Hurt,
Gulf Refining Co.
Montpelier

Health of this community is very good at present.

Farmers are very busy at present and no prospect for rest either just now.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Taylor visited the former's mother and sister this place, last Sunday.

Several from this place attended Quarterly meeting at Glensfork last Sunday.

Mrs. Nettie Stone of Gadberry visited her son R. A. Stone, this place, recently.

Mrs. T. J. Epperson and daughter Miss Lula, in company with Mr. Wyatt Conover's family visited R. T. Bennetts last Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie E. Hurt of Columbia, is visiting at the home of Mr. K. W. Bell's, this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Conover's family, Samuel Taylor, and sister Clara, Mrs. E. R. Willis and son, Malcom, Miss Jessie Taylor Nettie Bennett witnessed "Polly of The Circus" at the Chataqua last week.

Messrs. Charley Murrah and K. W. Bell our stock buyers marketed a nice bunch of cattle last week.

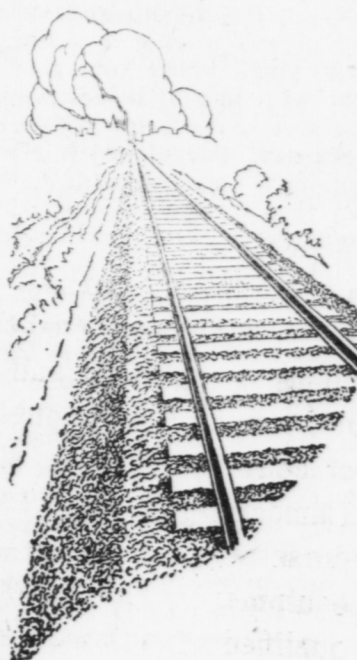
Mr. A. J. Loy informs us that



We are Showing
 this week, new lines of Breakfast
 Suits and Porch Aprons, made
 up in the Latest Styles of
 Gingham and Percales.
 Priced from 75c to \$1.50 each.

Russell & Co.

Ballasted For Long Service



Rails and ties, no matter how well laid, will not stand the battering of heavy trains without proper ballasting. A roof needs ballast, too—a tough, enduring base that will hold together through years of exposure. The "ballast" of asphalt roofing is its body of asphalt-saturated felt; the length of service it gives depends largely on the strength of this felt, which supports and reinforces the surface.

Flex-a-Tile Roofing is made from genuine Richardson Felt, the standard since 1868 for all roofing purposes. It has the quality, uniformity and tensile strength that are obtainable only through long and specialized experience.

FLEX-A-TILE

HOUSE TOPS

This felt is thoroughly impregnated with scientifically tempered natural asphalt, waterproofed on both sides, and finished off with a double coating of crushed slate from our own quarries at Flex-a-Tile, Georgia, giving a beautiful and durable surface of rich natural green (or red if you prefer).

For a really unusual type of high grade asphalt roofing, we recommend Flex-a-Tile Shingle Roll, which gives the appearance of individual Giant Shingles at less than half their cost. Each shingle stands out clean-cut and permanently molded, with extra thickness at the shingle butts.

For any roof where good looks are desirable and economy important, there is no better material than Flex-a-Tile Shingle Roll. It can be easily laid right over the old surface if you prefer.

Telephone for further information.

The Buchanan-Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED
 Columbia, Kentucky.



he will be in our section to thresh wheat about the 4th of July.

Mr. Ira Blankenship and Miss Murtie Turner surprised their many friends on the 15th inst. when they drove to Jamestown, where they were quietly married.

This is a highly accomplished young couple and will be greatly missed by the young folks. The writer extends best wishes.

U. S. Corn Rivald.

We should be reluctant to admit that Argentina grows corn superior to ours, but the French and Belgians like it better, importing it from that source by

preference, notwithstanding the fact that they have to pay a considerable higher price for it.

In France and Belgium corn finds little favor as human food, but is used for stock to a large extent. Argentine corn is preferred because the grain is smaller and, therefore, better adapted for poultry feed than the American corn, which must be cracked. It is also claimed that the Argentine corn is sweeter, and on that account preferable for horses; and, furthermore, that it keeps longer because it contains 3 to 4 per cent less moisture.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"111"
cigarettes



10¢
They are GOOD!

Porch Swings at
 Dohoney & Dohoney.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

The Big Muskeg

By
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by
R. H. Livingstone

Copyright by Stewart Kidd Company

suggestion that I would put before a jury," answered Payne.

Wilton had another visitor that day. It was Jim Betts, who had somehow obtained a permit to see him, and appeared outside the bars, accompanied by the warden.

"Will," he said huskily, "we're going to get you out of here. I told you



"Will, We're Going to Get You Out of Here."

them two snakes would be found at the bottom of the brushwood. I believe in ye, boy! That ain't much, maybe, but I want ye to know it."

Wilton was deeply moved. "Thank you, Jim," he said warmly.

"And listen, boy! Ye remember how ye came to me about meeting that note when it falls due? I told ye I couldn't help ye. Well, boy, I was lying. I was trying ye, Will, and ye've made good; and I want to say—the old man's voice almost failed him—"I want to say the money's yours to meet that note when it falls due, and I—I want ye to know this when ye're in trouble, and not when ye're out of it and all the world's slapping ye on the back and cheering ye, and—and—d—n it, I'm going to get ye out of here a free man, or my name ain't Betts!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Confession.

When Wilton was arrested Kitty had been stunned by the news. She had made frantic attempts to see him, but without success.

Kitty knew on what the charge was built, and the consciousness that Wilton's freedom could only be purchased by her confession caused her an agony of shame and fear. Yet she would have purchased Wilton's freedom even at the cost of that humiliation, had she not known that she must inevitably lose him. Instinctively she realized that treachery was the one sin that he would never condone.

At last, when she could bear it no longer, she resolved to go to see Bowyer. She left secretly, at an early hour one morning, and reached Cold Junction a little before noon.

At the same hour Bowyer was seated in the office of his house there. Facing him across the desk was Clark, the manager of the Bank of New North Manitoba at Clayton.

"I'm not going to take you up on your preposterous story," Bowyer stormed. "I won't answer it. Nor will I deny it. You won't get 'yes' or 'no' out of me. Let's say you've rendered special and confidential services to the bank this past year and you want a bonus. How'll that do?"

"Call it what you like," said Clark. "But get me straight, Mr. Bowyer. I didn't tackle that job to be fobbed off with a paltry two hundred dollars. I know what it was worth to you and I want a proper price for it. I'm not bargaining. I'm going to bleed you just what you're willing to stand. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds, which I'll specify, and fifty thousand in cash."

Bowyer went white. Clark had gauged his limit exactly. The two men eyed each other in silence for a few seconds. Then Bowyer capitulated.

"Your talents are wasted here," he said. "I'll take you up on that, and I'll be able to employ you to better advantage after the first of the year. You're not afraid of a check?"

"Not in the least," said Clark. "Thank you!"

He took the check and sauntered out of the house. When he was gone Bowyer gave way to one of his mad rages. He called up Payne and damned him. He stamped up and down the office; and in the middle of it his man announced Kitty.

When she came in he was smiling and admirably under control. "Well, Mrs. Bostock, I guess this isn't social," he said. "Last time we parted you were quite vexed with me."

Kitty put her hands to her eyes and broke down. "I can't bear it," she sobbed. "It's too awful! I've been ill for days, and—I had to come to you. It's Wilton and Molly. If you had any hand in that poor child's death, may God forgive you, Tom Bowyer!"

"Make yourself easy," he said sullenly. "I hadn't any hand in it. I don't know what happened, but I guess she didn't go to the camp against her will, Mrs. Bostock," he leered. "Maybe she'd taken a fancy to Lee Chambers. I saw something of that sort in the wind, and so I hadn't started to carry out my plan."

"Our plan!" gasped Kitty. "The one that we agreed on, to keep her away from Will Carruthers," said Bowyer venomously.

He expected an outburst, but Kitty was beyond that now. "You know that I've come about Will," she said in a choking voice. "I don't know what to do. Nobody but you can help me. What shall I do?"

Bowyer pretended to reflect. "I don't quite see what I can do, Mrs. Bostock," he answered. "I don't believe he's guilty—"

"Of course, he isn't guilty!" "I've always said he isn't. But he'll have to take his verdict from the jury. What is there we can do?"

Kitty looked at him in consternation. "The safe!" she gasped. "That's what—"

"But that has nothing to do with Joe's death, Mrs. Bostock."

She sprang to her feet, confronting him with dramatic indignation. "You know that it has everything!" she cried. "You're playing with me and torturing me. Do you suppose I don't know what they're saying about him—that he forged Joe's name to those checks and murdered him to prevent discovery? Do you suppose I don't know that, when I gave you the combination, just to help Will, that you put those checks there? Let me tell the truth on the witness stand!" she pleaded, standing before him with clasped hands, and the tears raining down her cheeks.

"Tell the truth? You must be mad!" he shouted.

If the jury knew that, they'd acquit him. It could be arranged. I'd say I gave the combination to Lee Chambers—"

Again Bowyer began to be afraid of Kitty; but this time it was her stupidity he feared. And he saw that this was the occasion to let loose one of his habituated rages. He seized her hands in his, one in each, and twisted them until she screamed with the pain.

"Let's understand each other, Kitty Bostock!" he hissed in a furious voice. "I'll take up your proposition and show you what it means. Listen! First, you'll break your solemn covenant with me. Dishonest, you think? The sort that's made between people every day. I've played fair with you. And you'll play fair with me, or you'll lose your fortune—every penny of it. That's first."

"Second, so surely as you go into the witness-box with such a story I'll say you lie. I'll say he was your lover. I'll say that he killed Joe at your instigation because you wanted to be big of him. I'll say that you went to Big Muskeg and lived there, almost next door to him. I'll bring forward a workman who saw you two together, kissing on the swamp one evening. I'll swear it's a concocted story made up by you to free your paramour. What sort of figure do you think you'll cut in the witness-box then, Kitty Bostock?"

Bowyer had calculated rightly. Up on a woman like Kitty, petted and spoiled from birth, the astounding fact of physical violence comes as a stunning shock that breaks down the stolid resistance. It is only on repetition that the reaction comes.

And Bowyer calculated rightly again. "Kitty Bostock," he said gently, "I promise you that he shall be freed. I have the means, the influence, the power. I know he didn't murder Joe. Keep your head, and all shall be well. I swear it. Do you believe me?"

She looked at him as if he had hypnotized her. "Yes, I believe you," she answered.

"So surely as you speak one word, he'll hang. Keep quiet, and he shall be saved. Promise me you'll say nothing!"

"Oh, I'll say nothing," wailed Kitty, wringing her hands. "I promise you. I see. Yes, I understand now."

And she went out of the house with her head low, dubious, and yet with the sure conviction that Bowyer could save Wilton. Bowyer could save him, but nobody else could do so. She would trust him, because there was nobody else to trust.

Between the house and the station, Kitty grew conscious of an old man walking beside her, trying to speak to her. Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not know how long he had been there. Suddenly she realized that this was Jim Betts.

She shrank back aghast, looking at him with eyes wide with fear. Jim nodded and smiled.

"It's all right; don't be afraid of me, Mrs. Bostock," he said. "You're mighty worried about Will, ain't you now. I guess we all are. Won't you go to Mr. Payne and tell him what you know?"

They had reached the station. The train for Clayton was waiting. Jim followed Kitty into the compartment and took his seat beside her.

"Tom Bowyer swore he'd save him if—if—"

"If—" questioned Jim.

"If I kept silent. But I'll speak. I will. I never trusted him. Mr. Bowyer told me I couldn't hold the line, and I wanted to save the money to help Will. He promised that when the smash came he'd take the shares off my hands at par if I'd give him the combination of the safe, so that he could find out about the plans. I gave it to him. The safe was mine—and I was trying to help Will. And I told Tom Bowyer the secret of the wheat lands, so that he'd know he wasn't losing anything by buying my shares."

She let her head fall against Jim's shoulder, sobbing uncontrollably. Jim laid his rough hand on her hair.

"There, child, I guess you feel better, now, don't you?" he said. "You didn't understand the wrong that you were doing. That's the way wrongs generally done. And now we'll go to Mr. Payne and fix things up for Will."

CHAPTER XIX

The Closing of the Trap.
Payne was struggling with his per-



She Let Her Head Fall Against Jim's Shoulder, Sobbing Uncontrollably.

plexities about a month before the date set for the trial when Jim Betts and Kitty came to his office. Kitty sobbed out her story, while Payne listened in utter amazement.

"Why did you do this, Mrs. Bostock?" he asked, when he had heard her to the end.

"Because I love Will and wanted to help him," she answered.

"You are willing to tell this story in the witness-box just as you've told it to me?"

"I will!" cried Kitty. "If it will save Will—if it's needed to save him."

As the day of the trial drew nearer Payne knew Will's case was desperate. Public opinion was inflamed against him, and Bowyer's skillful campaign had borne rich fruits.

Without animus, but in the resolve to clear his own reputation for laxity, Quinn had worked up the case until each link appeared complete. Andersen, who followed the Indian witnesses, testified reluctantly that he had overheard Wilton request the pseudo policemen to delay their journey to Clayton, as he did not wish Joe Bostock's death to be known, for business reasons, until some time later.

There followed Papillon and Jean Passepartout, who stated that they had been told by the outlaw, Hackett, that Wilton had murdered Joe Bostock. Having already come to the same opinion, and being afraid of having the guilt laid to them, they had decided to run away.

Suddenly there came a buzz of excitement in the court room. All eyes were turned toward the crown attorney, at whose side stood Bowyer himself; and it was evidently the intention of the prosecution to call him to the stand.

Payne's eyes, attracted upward suddenly, saw Kitty in her widow's black, seated in the front row of the gallery, her eyes fixed in terror upon the newcomer. And, as if drawn by the force of her will, Bowyer looked up, and Payne saw the flicker of a smile cross his red, vulpine countenance.

Bowyer, called, deposed that he had known Joe Bostock intimately for several years. They had always been friendly, though often business rivals.

"When did you first learn of his death?" asked the crown attorney.

"Not for several days after."

"But you met the accused at the Hudson's Bay company's store at Big Muskeg a few days after the event?"

"Two days after."

"What did he say to you about the tragedy?"

"He told me Joe Bostock was not with him."

"And he said nothing about his death?"

"No. I knew nothing about it for two or three days after that."

"Was his demeanor that of a guilty man?"

Payne leaped to his feet. "I object to that question!" he shouted. But Bowyer was already answering:

"He looked like a man mad with fear."

As he spoke he glanced upward. There came a scream from the gallery, and Kitty fell back, fainting in her chair.

The court adjourned until the morning. Payne went to his client almost immediately.

"What do you make of it all?" asked Wilton gravely.

"It looks bad," answered Payne. "I was a fool to hide Joe's death. Inquire for Kitty when you go back and try to let me know how she is, won't you? And tell her not to worry. Tell her I'm going to pull out triumphantly, for the sake of the line," said Wilton.

Payne left him with the resolve to put Kitty upon the stand. He did not tell Wilton this. He would have avoided this had it been possible. But it was the only chance remaining. The jury might believe her.

Suddenly there leaped into Payne's mind the overwhelming conviction that Bowyer was at the back of the murder. Nothing else could explain his vindictiveness. He learned that Kitty was recovering, and, before returning to inform Wilton, he had the impulse to go to Jim Betts' quarters. He wanted to see the only man who still believed in Wilton's innocence.

At Betts' home he was told that the old man had left Clayton two weeks before, and had not yet returned. Payne made his way slowly back to the jail. He had to uphold his faith alone—his faith in an acquittal. It

was the hardest job he had ever had in his life.

CHAPTER XX

The Guilty Man!

The inquest on the bodies of Hackett and Lee Chambers had established the fact, ascertained by a search-party on the day after the fire, that there were no human remains under the charred timbers of the camp. Notwithstanding this, when the attempts made to trace McDonald and his daughter failed, it was generally believed that they had been lured there by the outlaws, and had either died in the flames or had been murdered and their bodies disposed of.

Jim Betts had nothing more substantial than anyone else on which to base his search. He was resolved to free Wilton, and, having failed with Kitty, he determined to discover the other woman who, he felt sure, had been mixed up in Wilton's life—if she still lived.

Jim Betts built up the theory that Wilton had arrived at the camp too late to save the girl from Bowyer, and that, half-crazed, she had fled with her father into the wilderness. He went to the fishing camp and spent a day prowling among the ruins, but he learned nothing there. Then he went to the store. It was still empty, for a new trading post was being established northward, and the company had not replaced the factor, perhaps would not do so. Betts broke in.

Everything was as it had been on the night of the fire. But Betts quickly discovered that someone had been there since. For in the dust that covered the floor of Molly's bedroom were the faint imprint of feet. A woman's foot!

That was all the clue Betts got, but it satisfied him. He cast about him, northward and eastward, going into every Indian encampment and talking with the inhabitants. But it was a week before he got his second clue.

Molly and her father left Wilton beside the road and crept stealthily into the undergrowth. When they were a sufficient distance from the camp they made a wide detour, crossed the road, and took the trail back toward the portage, encountering nobody on the way.

There the factor got \$500, and made up a pack of food sufficient for two weeks' journey. They put on their snowshoes and started eastward.

Molly had noticed that the factor's paralysis had completely left him. She said nothing to him about it, however, fearing to bring it to his attention. They traveled for eight days. On the eighth McDonald showed signs of weakness; he had overtaken his strength.

They were following an Indian track that led to a little Moravian mission, twelve miles farther on. When they reached it at nightfall, McDonald was in a raging fever and half-delirious.

The brother in charge welcomed them; he put the factor to bed and nursed him assiduously through a sharp attack of pleurisy. McDonald, in his delirium raved incessantly. All the ghosts of the past tortured him.

Night after night he raved, while Molly tended him in his anguish. But at last the delirium left him, and conscience, screaming into the sick man's soul, could no more pass the seal upon his lips.

He was in a fever to be gone. He wanted his rifle; he cleaned and oiled it. He asked for his snowshoes, and began examining the strings. As Molly gave them to him she suddenly perceived that one of the strings was broken. And there flashed into her mind the memory of her discovery beside the portage on that day when she saved Wilton.

She would not let the dark thought in her heart come into consciousness. But she knelt at the factor's side, her arms around him. "What is troubling you?" she pleaded. "Tell me."

McDonald was shaking like an aspen. "It's naething, lass!" he babbled. "If I've repaid, it's for wrong that was done me and mine."

"What have you done? Whom have you repaid? You must tell me."

He clutched at her. "I warned him what would be if he came between me and mine. And when he sent Will Carruthers to steal you from me—for he was at the back of that—I shot him."

"Whom?"

Molly's gray eyes searched into his soul.

"Joe Bostock!"

After a long time Molly took the factor's hands in hers. "We'll go on," she said in a hard voice. "Thank God, no innocent man has been suspected. I'll stay with you. I'll never speak of this again. But if ever the guilt is unjustly placed on anyone, you will go back to Clayton and confess the truth, or I'll denounce you."

"Aye, I'll go back, Molly," he cried. "No man shall hang for me. I swear it—if ye'll stay by me till then, Molly."

She left him, and, with a singular clarity of mind, as if there were nothing more to fear or hope, and no room for further feeling, she went to the door and looked out across the snow-bound wilderness.

She saw a figure tramping through the snow toward the mission. And thus Jim Betts found her.

CHAPTER XXI

A Dramatic Moment.

The second day of Wilton's trial was occupied by the handwriting experts—gentlemen brought to Clayton at fat fees, who unanimously testified that the signature on the transfer was genuine, and those on the checks forged. On the third day the defense opened, and Payne called Kitty, reso-

tutely ignoring alike Wilton's signals, and the crown lawyer's satisfaction, and Bowyer's vulpine smile.

"The defendant was a friend of your husband?" he asked.

"My husband's greatest friend," she answered.

"He brought his body back to Clayton under great difficulties, although his arm was broken?"

"Yes."

"What was his attitude toward you and the Missatibi company?"

"He wanted me to help him fight to hold it for me, on Joe's account."

"And he asked you to come to Big Muskeg to live?"

"He tried to stop me. It was my suggestion, because I wanted to follow the work."

Payne shot a fleeting glance at the jury. They were watching Kitty with unchanged faces; but there was no disbelief on them.

"At the portage you met Mr. Bowyer one evening, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Tell us the conversation that ensued."

"I caught him trying to embrace Miss McDonald. He told me that he loved her, and would win her from Will Carruthers. He taunted me with being in love with Will. I was. I am!"

She drew herself up proudly and flung out the words with indescribable energy. The whole court was electrified by her words and manner. It staggered Payne. It was one of the worst things she could have said. He did not dare glance at the jury.

"What was the nature of the bargain that Mr. Bowyer offered?" continued the lawyer.

"He said he would win Miss McDonald and get her out of my way if I would help him gain control of the Missatibi. And he asked me to give him the combination of the safe, so that he could examine some papers there. He said it was my safe, and I controlled the line, so that I would be doing no wrong."

"What answer did you make?"

"I gave him the combination," answered Kitty in a low voice.

A cry broke from Wilton's lips; he raised his arms and let them fall again. Payne glanced at the jury. Their eyes were riveted on Kitty's face. He knew that he had scored. A disagreement—even an acquittal—if all went well.

"Thank you," he said quietly.

The crown attorney, who had been whispering with Bowyer, came forward to cross-examine.

"You told us, Mrs. Bostock," he said in his suave tones, "that you loved, and still love, the defendant. How long have you loved him?"

"Ever since I first saw him," whispered Kitty.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

For Torpid Liver

"Black-Draught is, in my opinion, the best liver medicine on the market," states Mrs. R. H. White, of Keota, Okla. She continues: "I had a pain in my chest after eating—tight, uncomfortable feeling—and this was very disagreeable and brought on headache. I was constipated and knew it was indigestion and inactive liver. I began the use of Black-Draught, night and morning, and it sure is splendid and certainly gives relief."

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

For over seventy years this purely vegetable preparation has been found beneficial by thousands of persons suffering from effects of a torpid, or slow-acting liver. Indigestion, biliousness, colic, coated tongue, dizziness, constipation, bitter taste, sleeplessness, lack of energy, pain in back, puffiness under the eyes—any or all of these symptoms often indicate that there is something the matter with your liver. You can't be too careful about the medicine you take. Be sure that the name, "Thedford's Black-Draught," is on the package. At all druggists.

Accept Only the Genuine.

DEHLER BROTHERS CO.,

116 East Market Street Telephone Main 2167

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Roofing, Fencing, Hardware, Contractors Supplies, Asphalt, Shingles.

To Women Voters.

For many years the women of this country have been demanding equal rights with men in the matter of voting and holding office.

Man, realizing the justice of their demands, has conferred the right of franchise upon them.

Is woman making the most of her newborn freedom and independence? She is not. The toy is becoming old, and rather troublesome. It does not appeal as strongly to her as it did when it was a forbidden article.

This is to be regretted, for men of character had hoped that the women would aid in driving the crooks out of public office.

Upright and honorable officials feel just as keenly on this subjects as do the laymen who are disappointed in the dwindling feminine vote.

When the women are in strong force at the polls the crooks and the professional branches have a hard road to travel.

With women becoming indifferent and remaining at home on election days gang rule will become as firmly established as ever before.

Women, as well as men, owe a duty to their country.

That duty, having been assumed, should now be performed. —Lancaster Record.

Summary of Bonus Bill.

The McCumber Bonus Bill, approved by the Senate Finance Committee, is summarized as follows:

Cost \$3,800,000,000 at the end of 20 years (McCumber's estimate.)

Financing; No method provided.

Rate: Dollar a day for home service and \$1.25 a day for foreign service.

Limit: Five hundred dollars for home service and \$625 for foreign service.

Cash provision: Limited to veterans getting \$50 total.

Certificates provision: Amounts to three times computed cash due each man, to be paid at end of 20 year period.

Home or farm aid provision: Veteran can obtain from Secretary of Interior full cash in 1923 if spent on purchase of home or farm or on debts so contracted. Cash amounts increases to 140 per cent in 1928 if spent in this manner.

Vocational training provision: Veteran is paid \$1.75 per day while under vocational training provided by government, total amount not to exceed 140 per cent of cash value of his bonus.

Loan provision: National banks authorized to loan 50 per

cent of full value of bonus certificate prior to January 1, 1926, and Postoffice Department authorized to make same loans thereafter.

Farm News.

With decided reduction from 1910 to 1920 in the number of fruit trees in Kentucky, as well as the United States, better care of bearing orchards should return their owners increased profits while the planting of new orchards promises to be a sound investment, according to a new circular which has just come off the press of the College of Agriculture and which is being distributed free to interested farmers.

"This reduction has decreased the quantity of fruit produced and has resulted in relatively higher prices," A. J. Olney and H. R. Niswonger, joint authors of the publication, point out. "Extensive plantings probably will be made when the country is restored to normal conditions but several years will be required to bring the number of bearing trees back to that of 1910. It seems opportune, therefore, to stress the importance of fostering the orchards now of bearing age."

At best, an over-production of fruit could not take place until new plantings are made and brought into bearing, the authors point out. Possibilities for such a condition are made even more remote by the death each year of a certain number of young trees, limited acres to which commercial fruit production are confined, increasing demands for fruit and the absence of sudden fluctuations in the industry, they say.

Among the subjects discussed in the circular, which is well illustrated and detailed, are preparation for an orchard, the site and soil, nursery stock, planting, use of dynamite and fillers, selection of varieties for home and commercial orchard, soil management, care of young orchards clean culture with clover crops, intercropping, care of bearing trees, fungicides, insecticides and grafting.

A copy of the circular which is No. 118, may be obtained free by writing the Experiment Station, Lexington.

Farm and Home News From Over Kentucky.

In order to determine the highest yielding variety of corn for that section of the State, six Taylor county farmers are cooperating with the College of Agriculture extension division in conducting corn variety tests, County Agent J. L. Miller says

ten varieties are being tested by each of the farmers.

Legume crops are attracting lively interest among Breathitt county farmers, according to county agent, R. V. Trosper. Thirty-five of them are growing soybeans and sweet clover.

Orchard demonstrations being conducted by Livingston county farmers who are cooperating with the College of Agriculture extension division are accomplishing much in showing farmers in this section of the State the value of recommended orchard practices, county agent, L. C. Pace says. The demonstrators have just applied the fourth spray to their orchards. The trees in all cases are remarkably free of insects and diseases, he added.

Six thousand Barred Plymouth Rock hatching eggs and 500 baby chicks were distributed to McCreary county farmers this spring in furthering the poultry standardization campaign being conducted over the State by the College of Agriculture, according to county agent, W. B. Woodward.

Junior agriculture club members in Lewis county are giving plays and icecream suppers as a means of raising money with which to send a delegate to Junior Week to be held June 19 to 24 at the College of Agriculture at Lexington for farm boys and girls of the State, County Agent R. O. Bate says.

Too Good To Be True

The New York World states that it has it upon authority that Henry Cabot Lodge has the fight of his life upon his hands in his effort to get re-elected to the United States Senate, and even goes so far as to say that there is at least an even chance that Mr. Lodge will fail.

This is one of those things that deserves to be placed in the "too good to be true" category. If there were inside the Republican organization in Massachusetts today some strong man such as Beveridge, it is not hard to believe that Mr. Lodge might be beaten for the nomination. But he is to be nominated without much of a contest, and his friends expect the regular Republican majority in Massachusetts to show itself again, particularly as the Democratic opposition in Massachusetts is weak and divided.

The Evening Post is forced, then, to be a pessimist in the matter of Mr. Lodge's possible defeat. But he should be defeated. Old, malignant, conceited, invariably substituting partisanship for patriotism, Mr. Lodge comprises in his single personality almost everything that a Senator should not be. It is his boast that he kept the United States out of the League of Nations. He did have a good deal to do with it; not, indeed, that he possesses a vestige of personal leadership, but for the simple reason that he had, through the operation of the seniority rule, reached the position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. We will grant, then, that rather more than any American, Henry Cabot Lodge helped to keep America out of the league. Does Massachusetts wish to keep him in office for that reason?—Louisville Post.

The expenses of our government per annum are now in excess of three billion, five hundred million.

NTINUED FROM PAGE 6

"How soon after your marriage did you make his acquaintance?"

"I saw him first on my marriage day, at the church. He was my husband's best man."

A stir among the spectators. Payne clenched his fists and groaned. Everyone saw what was coming—everyone but Kitty.

"Then you were in love with him before you married Mr. Bostock? Not long before—let us say half an hour? You married a man whom you had ceased to love for half an hour?"

"I did not realize it then."

"But you realized it soon after? You were not heartbroken when Mr. Bostock died?"

"I cared for Joe. I admired and respected him."

"But not in the same way? You couldn't love two men in that way at the same time?"

"No," said Kitty tremulously.

"In fact, after the first shock was over, you felt that life might become worth living again?"

"I don't know what you mean" cried Kitty desperately.

"The court will," said the attorney, with a meaning glance toward the jury. "Don't let me perplex you. Now please answer me carefully. You persuaded the defendant to let you build and occupy a cottage on Big Muskeg, close to his own, and hidden from the sight of the camp?"

"He tried to stop me. I've said that already."

"It has duly impressed us, Mrs. Bostock. However, in the end he yielded?"

"He yielded because he thought that I was only interested in the work. He cared for Miss McDonald. He never dreamed I cared, until I told him."

"So you told him! What did he say?"

"It cut him to the heart."

Only a thread divided the tense drama of the colloquy from inextinguishable pathos. The attorney snapped in:

"In fact, you found him a regular Joseph in his relations with you?"

And the whole court was dissolved in laughter. Even the judge placed his hand across his mouth.

"Then will you tell me how you two came to be seen kissing and embracing one evening on the shores of Big Muskeg? But I won't press that question. We shall have further evidence to offer."

The mischief was done. The net that had been woven about Wilton could not be broken by the hypothesis of conspiracy. Kitty's confession of her love supplied a stronger argument against him, and threw the dark shadow of collusion about her, too. Mechanically Payne called the next witness.

But before he could take the stand there came sounds of an uproar in the street. There was a struggle at the entrance. Then, to the amazement of all, Molly stood in the doorway.

Jim Betts was with her, and together they supported the frail form of McDonald.

Unhindered, they went down the courtroom, while the spectators gaped, and suddenly, standing up in their places, gave rousing, riotous cheers, unhindered and unrebuked.

Despite the general belief in Wilton's guilt, stories concerning Bowyer's presence at the camp on the night of the fire had been widely bruited.

The party were still advancing when Bowyer loosed himself in one of his paroxysmal rages.

"Put them out of here!" he bawled. "It's a trick—a staged trick to win sympathy for that man!"

"Be silent!" thundered the judge; and then he turned to Payne, who was at his side, speaking in a low voice.

"The court will adjourn for half an hour," he ordered. "And no person will leave this courtroom in that interval."

Molly, with a little cry, ran to the dock and flung herself into Wilton's arms. And at this the building rang again with the spectators' cheers. It was not for a full minute that the guard drew her away.

CHAPTER XXII

The Amazing Truth.

"Donald McDonald to the witness box!" said the court clerk.

Helped by Payne and the policeman, the old factor made his way painfully toward it and sat down.

Death was upon him; so meager and weak he looked that it seemed as if the man lived only in the impassioned fire of his eyes and the purpose that knit together his trembling body.

"You are acquainted with the circumstances of Joe Bostock's death?" asked Payne. "Tell us what you know about it."

"I killed him," said McDonald, simply.

Bowyer leaped to his feet; the crown attorney, turning, as if he had been prepared for the movement, pushed him down sharply into his chair.

Then the story, at last unsealed, burst from the factor's lips in an irresistible flood.

"Aye, I shot Joe Bostock!" he cried. "Often I'd warned him what would be if ever he came betwixt me and mine. And when he sent Will Carruthers there to steal Molly from me—for I knew well that was Joe's doing—I knew the time had come."

"Tom Bowyer there had a hold on me. Aye, Tom, your time's come, now, and I've listened to ye so long ye'll listen to me. He was ever at me—threatening me with the auld threat if I dinna obey. When he came to the store a year ago I spoke of Will Carruthers, and how I feared he'd been sent by Joe to take Molly away from me. 'Your chance will come, McDon-

ald,' he said. 'Ye'll catch the two o' them in the bush together.' 'I ha' one death on my soul now,' I said. He laughed that fox-laugh of his. 'Ye're afraid,' he taunted me. And that taunt and laugh put the de'il into me."

"Listen, now, McDonald," he said, "if ye could kill Joe Bostock and no suspicion come on ye, would ye do it?" He knew the rancor that was like a living coal in my heart, and he saw that he'd won. Then he told me his plan. I was to pretend a stroke, so that my foot would be useless, and my arm would hang useless at my side. Then, he said, there'd be no possible suspicion on me. As he said, 'was nought to feign a stroke—nought at all. Just to lie down and breathe heavy, and never forget I couldna use my arm or leg."

"He went awa' and left me wi' the thocht. It grew in me until it filled my heart. Then one night he cam' to me—Molly dinna know that—and he told me that Joe and Will Carruthers were coming to the portage, and I could catch them alone. The chance came. Jules was in the bush, and Molly'd gone to the Indian camp."

"I slipped out o' bed and took the rifle and one cartridge, put on my snowshoes, and ran across the muskeg. It wasna long before I saw them on the ridge, black against the gray sky. I crept up behind the rocks till I was a hundred paces awa'. Joe Bostock's back was turned. I drew a bead on his heart and fired. They baith fell down. I ran back to the store and went to bed. Jules dinna see me, and Molly hadn't come home."

He groaned and hung his head upon his breast. The voice of Payne cut the silence like a knife.

"You are telling this of your own free will, McDonald?" he asked.

"As God is my witness! I'm tellin' this because my time's come now, and I wouldna have Will Carruthers swing for that red fox yonder."

"What was the nature of Mr. Bowyer's hold on you, McDonald?"

The crown attorney stood up with a wry smile.

"I object to that question," he said quietly.

"I'll put it in this way, then: Why did you hate Joe Bostock?"

"Aye, I'll tell that, too," answered McDonald. "Joe was married when he was a young man, long ago. A good girl. A sweet lass from my aintown in Scotland. They were both young. They quarreled. She wanted to vex him. She made up a story that showed her to be a bad woman. She went too far. Joe believed her. She went to him and told him that she'd lied. He wouldn't believe her word. Because the foolish girl had manufactured proofs—false proofs; and the lying scoundrel whom she trusted claimed they were true."

"He blackmailed her after Joe had left her. She was at her wits' end. She went to his office to beg him to tell the truth. I happened to go there. I overheard. She became frenzied and drew a revolver on him. He struck her. He got her by the throat. He had a paper-weight on the table, a sharp-edged metal thing like a cleaver. I struck him once with it. It split his skull from side to side. He died. Even while I watched him die."

"The girl was mad wi' fear. I took her awa'. I married her, for Joe had divorced her in the States. But that fox, Bowyer, knew. In my folly I'd told him all. He said he'd be my friend. He got me my position at the portage. I've lived there ever since—first with my wife, then with my fears, and always with Molly—with Molly, her child and—Joe's!"

The girl's cry rang wildly through the courtroom. She reeled and ran toward him. Wilton, unhindered, stooped down from the dock and supported her. She clung to him, wild-eyed and helpless. Nobody intervened.

Even when Bowyer sprang forward, though the judge rapped his gavel smartly, it seemed only an automatic or perfunctory act, for he made no effort to prevent his speaking.

"Let me finish it!" he yelled fiercely. "He didn't die, you fool—you old fool; Lord, you've been a laughing stock these twenty years. He's here in court, and he's been blackmailing me as he blackmailed you. Clark, the master-forgery and safe-breaker—though we didn't need you for that—step forward! Look at his head, McDonald, and then see if you remember him!"

"He's spoken true! The old fool's spoken true! I've handled many a man and woman in my time, but God Himself, they say, can't handle a fool." He swung around on his accomplices. "Keep your wits, Payre!" he howled in wild derision. "You didn't know how Joe died. You're only the thief—the common thief I hired to work for me. You won't swing for this. Neither will I. I took my chances—but, by God, I couldn't handle a fool!"

They rushed toward him, but Bowyer was quicker than they. And, as the single shot echoed through the courtroom Wilton saw that Molly was already mercifully unconscious.

But he knew that all the past would become dimmed with her awakening.

(THE END.)

English troops, having accomplished their purpose in Ulster, will now withdraw unless they are attacked.

The Greeks at Athens are seriously considering further war on the Turks with the view of capturing Constantinople.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

HARDING DEMANDS ACTION ON BILL

President Wants Ship Subsidy Passed or He Will Call Special Session.

NOTIFIES CHAIRMAN CAMPBELL

Speedy Consideration of Administration's Measure Expected—Republican Leaders Promise to Put Forth Best Efforts.

Washington, June 13.—President Harding has notified Chairman Campbell of the house rules committee that unless the ship subsidy bill is passed prior to adjournment he will feel obligated to call a special session solely for its consideration.

Writing under date of May 26 the President said "so much is involved and such a difficult and discouraging situation will follow if congress fails to sanction the merchant marine bill that I should feel myself obligated to call congress immediately in extraordinary session to especially consider it if it went over through any neglect or delay beyond the present term."

Expect Bill Report. As a result of the president's insistence on speedy consideration of the administration's ship subsidy bill, the merchant marine committee, which recently concluded lengthy hearings on the measure, was prepared to report it to the house.

Whether the bill will be taken up by the house with a view to final action prior to an adjournment of congress is a question yet to be determined by the Republican governing committee in shaping the remainder of the legislative program for the house. Despite the desire of a considerable part of the membership for early adoption of a three-day recess plan and some opposition to action on the subsidy bill at this time, however, Republican leaders were understood to have promised the President to put forth their best efforts to secure action on it.

May Be Party Measure. The steering committee was considering the President's request, reiterated at his conference with Representative Mondell, Wyoming, the Republican leader Monday, it is understood that the bill will be put to a vote if necessary as a party measure prior to any adjournment for the summer.

Labor Condemns Subsidy Bill. Cincinnati, June 14.—The ship subsidy bill now pending in congress was condemned by a resolution adopted unanimously by the American Federation of Labor as inimical to public interest and destructive to the nation's hope for sea power.

ENVOYS HOME FOR ADVICE

Unusual Exodus From Washington Said to Be For Consultations With Chiefs.

Washington, June 14.—Three-fourths of the ambassadorial corps will be absent from the capital this summer, a condition almost without precedent, when the President remains in Washington and congress is in session. Departure for their own countries of so many ambassadors has attracted attention owing to the pending of the tariff, immigration and shipping measures before congress and the readjustment of Europe's war debts to the United States by the special loan fund commission, and the probability of resumption of negotiations for distribution of the former German-owned cables. The impression in official circles is that the explanation is to be found not so much in the desire of the diplomatic representatives to obtain vacations as in their need of close consultation with their foreign offices for guidance in Washington. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Argentina, Russia, Belgium, Japan, Brazil, Italy and Germany although the latter has been in America only a few weeks. Remaining will be the ambassadors of Chile, Peru and Spain.

AUTO THIEVES GO TO PRISON

United States Starts Four to Atlanta for Larcenies of Cars in South.

Memphis, Tenn., June 14.—Four prisoners will be taken to the federal penitentiary at Atlanta to serve sentences of from one to five years for violations of the "Dyer act, prohibiting the transportation of stolen automobiles from one state to another." The convictions are the first in a campaign by federal officers against an automobile theft ring which has been stealing dozens of cars in Memphis and selling them in the small towns of southern Missouri and eastern Arkansas. A number of members of the ring are still to be tried.

HELD AS HUSBAND-SLAYER

Widow of John Brunen, Circus Man, Killed March 10, Placed Under Arrest.

Mount Holly, N. J., June 14.—Mrs. Doris Brunen, widow of John T. Brunen, circus man, who was shot and killed March 10, was placed under arrest on a charge of murder. It is said that the accusations against her are made by persons already under arrest in connection with the shooting of Brunen.

Pellyton.

Mrs. W. H. Lemmon and little grandson, Herbert, of Green county were visiting relatives at this place last week.

Mr. J. F. Mills, who has been confined to his bed for several months with dropsy, is no better at this writing.

Mr. W. D. Joes of Knoxville Tennessee, was visiting relatives at this place last week.

Quite a number from this place attended church at Dunville last Sunday.

There was an ice cream supper at the Masonic hall here Saturday night.

Miss Mollie Haltsclaw, of Casey creek, is visiting relatives at this place.

The farmers are having good weather to save their hay but the dry weather is hard on the gardens and growing crops.

Fairplay.

We are needing rain very badly at present.

Wheat is all cut and in the stack. So we are now waiting for the toot of the thresher.

Most of our farmers are through laying by their corn with the plow.

Mr. Z. L. Bennett and family were visiting at Mr. J. W. Bennetts Sunday.

Mr. Elam Spoon and family and W. L. Bennett and children were visiting Mr. Milton Wheat, Sunday.

Mr. E. L. McGinnis and wife are now occupying their new house which Mr. McGinnis has completed recently and are as happy as larks.

Mrs. Mollie Bennett and chil-

dren were the guest of Mrs. Francis Darnell Friday.

The Sunday school at Harvey Ridge church is progressing nicely with Mr. Leslie Turner as Superintendent and Mr. I. O. Rowe, Mrs. Pearl Humes and Miss Lena Derting teachers.

Mr. F. L. Darnell, wife and baby spent Saturday night with Mr. F. A. Lewis and family.

The little boys ball team crossed bats with the little boys of Glensfork at Fairplay Saturday afternoon. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 11 to 11 so they just quit as neither side could not make a fuss.

Mr. J. C. Spoon says that turkeys are not what they were recommended to be. Mr. Spoon says they sure are good worm catchers, but he topped a few hills and let the suckers come out and he could not learn the fool things to take off the suckers. It is said that June worried them so much trying to teach them that all the little fellows died.

Roy.

Cutting grass is the order of the day in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Bryant, of Colorado Springs, are visiting at this place. They were called home on account of the illness of Mrs. Bryant's mother, Mrs. Emily Conover, who is much better at this writing.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Conover, was buried at this place last Monday, a victim of flux. She was a bright little child, the idol of her parents. May God comfort them is the wish of the writer.

An infant of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Wilson has been very

sick, but is better at present.

Miss Iva Holladay has returned home from Berea, where she has been in school for the past nine months.

There will be an all day meeting and singing at White Oak church, the 3rd Sunday in July. Every body come and hear some good singing and preaching.

Mrs. Gordon Reese, who has been in declining health for some time, remains about the same.

As news is scarce, I will close wishing the News and its many readers success in the future.

Ozark.

Wheat has all been cut. It is extra good. Our farmers are busy now plowing over corn. There is not an idle man in our community.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bryant arrived, last Thursday, from Colorado, to be with Mrs. Bryant's mother, who is dangerously ill. Lander Bryant and wife, who have been at the same place for over a year, returned a few days previous, on account of the serious illness of Lander's mother.

On last Thursday morning Mr. John Bryant was found dead in bed. The end apparently had come about three o'clock. He was complaining a little when he retired for the night, but had been up the day before and ate a hearty dinner. Uncle John was near eighty eight years old. Had been blind for four years, but he could walk about the place and was able to be up most of the time. It is thought that excessive grief and worry over the serious illness of his sister-in-law caused his death. She was very kind and attentive to him and it was noticeable from the time she was taken sick that he was grieving. He went to her room every night before retiring, to inquire how she was getting along. Uncle John was a good man and will be greatly missed from the old home where he was born and spent his entire life. His nieces and nephews were much devoted to him, but it is God's will to sever the most tender ties. If we all live faithful, those ties will be re-united by and by.

Mrs. Mattie Scholl.

On May 30, 1922, our dearly beloved friend and neighbor, Mrs. Mattie Scholl slipped away from us to be with us no more here. We will see her smiling face nor hear her gentle voice no more, and our hearts ache with sadness when we think of her being gone. Then a sweet consolation comes to us. Some day we can be with her in that beautiful home prepared for those like Mattie. She was kind and good to every body. Greatly missed from this community, where she had only lived a little more than three years. Her maiden name was Parson. She was born Feb. 27, 1892, and partly reared at Keltner. Her parents moved to Columbia, where she spent her young womanhood. July 19, 1914, she was united in marriage to Mr. Meldrom Scholl. To this union were born two children, one died in infancy, the other one survives. Much sympathy is felt for the lonely husband and little boy. Besides these an ag-

ed mother, two sisters and four brothers and a number of nieces and nephews are left, and the only words of comfort in this time of sorrow is that we believe Mattie is safe in the arms of Jesus and we can go to her. In Sept., 1908, she united with the Christian church. She loved her Bible and read it a great deal. She loved Sunday school and attended as long as she could. We never knew a more industrious woman. Kept busy as long as she could sit up. Though she had been in poor health for several months, all were shocked at her going so soon, as she was attending her household duties until about one week before she died, when they took her to her brother's home in Columbia and she was not able to get back to her home at Roy. On May 31, after funeral service conducted by Rev. P. M. Bryant, on the lawn of Mr. Jeff White, where many friends had gathered, her remains were conveyed just opposite the dwelling on a little mound and placed by her little baby's grave. We left the grave covered with beautiful flowers. Home is sad and lonely, Since wife and mother past away. But God's home is more lovely, And His will we must obey. M. S. L.

An average man of 70 has divided his life as follows, according to a scientist: Sleeping, 23 years, 4 months; work, 19 years, 8 months; recreation and religious devotion 10 years, 2 months; eating and drinking; 6 years 10

months; travelling, 6 years; illness, 4 years; dressing, 2 years.

It's rather disconcerting to a child to tell the truth and then its parents try to make it out a liar.

Scientists declare that the earth is a ball of jelly. Autoists of springtime will not dispute it. They have been stuck up to the hubs in it.

INSURE WITH MEN WHO KNOW



The Policy He Didn't Have

It all too frequently happens that a car burns or is wrecked, or stolen, or the owner becomes involved in a suit, only to find that he has no insurance covering that particular contingency. There is only one way to buy automobile insurance and that is to ask for complete protection.



The Cause Of Most Trouble.

A craze for speed—a desire to "Get there" is the cause of nearly all motoring accidents. Sane driving not only helps to decrease the number of accidents but increases the life of a machine many times. Complete automobile insurance is a necessity but its cost is dependent upon your carefulness and mine.

Make a Memo Now to Telephone 49.

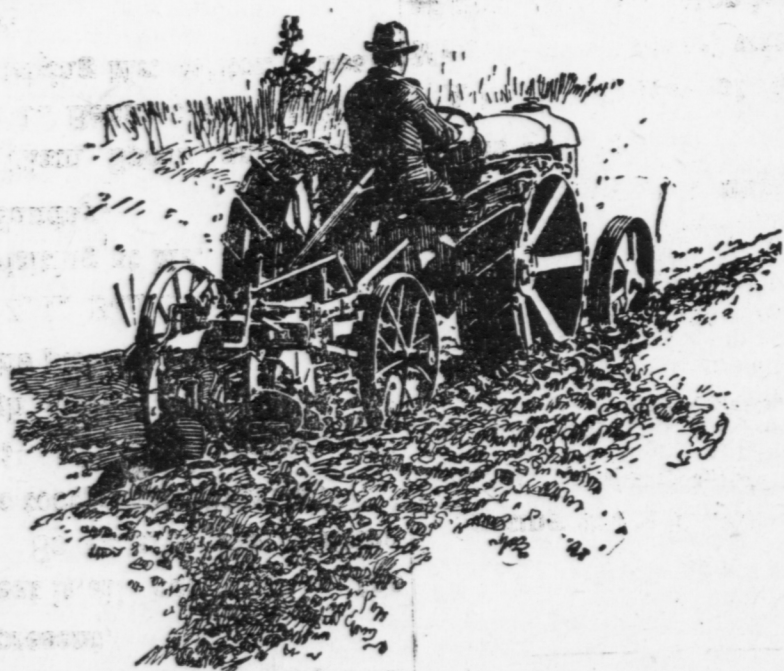
Reed Brothers

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

Phone 49.

Columbia, Kentucky.

ONLY RELIABLE INSURANCE CAN BE OBTAINED HERE.



And Now—Profit in Farming Without the Drudgery

FORDSON power makes more productive seed beds. The tractor does its work so rapidly and does so much of the heavy work of farming, that farm drudgery is passing. Expenses are reduced. Better crops are grown.

In the bringing about of this new era, the Oliver No. 7 Plow has been the working partner of the Fordson. It is so light running and so scientifically designed that its work has made it a reputation enjoyed by no other tractor plow.

It is extremely easy to handle. Depth is adjusted by moving a lever that operates a jack. So easy is this done that most drivers do not stop or slow down to make a change in the plowing depth.

The power lift is tripped by simply touching a rod which is so conveniently placed that the driver need not turn his head to operate it. There is no side draft because the plow is in perfect alignment with the tractor.

To farm the Fordson way means so small an investment that it is within easy reach of every farmer. Come in and see the Oliver No. 7 gang and you, too, will decide to farm the Fordson way.

THE BUCHANAN-LYON CO.
Incorporated
Campbellsville Ky.

Complete Standard Fordson Equipment is available here at Power Farming Headquarters

Step On 'er, Kid!



THERE'S work every day for the "Red Baby!"

Keep your eye open! A lot of farmers are looking for it. It sells McCormick-Deering machines and takes orders for repairs, binder twine or anything else that's useful.

Sometimes we feel like the fellow who rushed out of the building, mounted several horses and rode off in several directions at once. That's how busy our "Red Baby" is just now.

What do you need? If it is in the McCormick-Deering Line, we have it

L. R. CHELF
KNIFLEY, KY.

McCormick-Deering Line